

The Sketch

No. 1123 — Vol. LXXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1914.

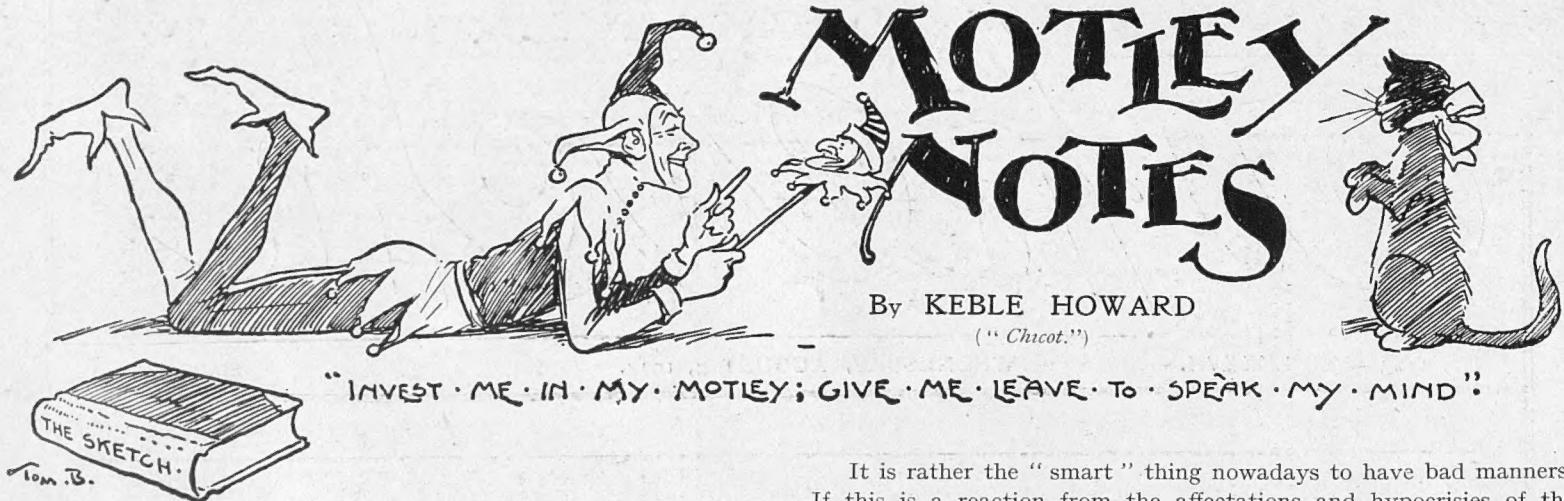
SIXPENCE.



HER FIRST HAIR-UP STUDIO-PORTRAIT: PRINCESS MARY, THE GROWN-UP.

Princess Mary, it is, of course, unnecessary to remind our readers, is the only daughter of the King and Queen. She was born on April 25, 1897. Her full names are Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray, London.



**Lord Rosebery
on Dangerous
Ground.**

It is a highly dangerous thing to persuade a man of Lord Rosebery's genius for oratory to distribute prizes at a school function. We all know those prize-givings. We all know the splendid and unimpeachable platitudes that precede the handing-out of the leather-bound volumes. The speaker knows precisely what he *ought* to say; the Head knows precisely what he *hopes* the speaker will say; and the boys know precisely what he *will* say.

So that it is incumbent on a man of Lord Rosebery's reputation to say something out of the ordinary, and a speaker is never on such treacherous ground as when he attempts to say something out of the ordinary on a very ordinary occasion. Lord Rosebery, in distributing the prizes at Epsom College, undoubtedly began well. He told the lads that he firmly believed that the years spent in school were far more important in the formation of character than all the many years they might spend afterwards. This was strictly according to the card. If it were true, we should all leave school hopeless snobs—there is nothing quite so snobbish as the ordinary schoolboy (except the ordinary schoolgirl)—but, luckily, it is not true. Lord Rosebery said he firmly believed it to be true, and I firmly believe Lord Rosebery when he wishes to be believed; but I can assure him that character develops at a tremendous speed when the restraints of tutelage are removed. And it goes on developing until either the brain or the body gives way.

**And on
Manners.**

It was when Lord Rosebery began to be original that he began to be dangerous. He left the safe, the well-worn path, and tried to hit out a little line of his own. He told those innocent lads that manners were the truest manifestation of character.

"There was one way, and one way only, that the character of a man best showed itself, and that was by his manners."

Does his Lordship firmly believe that? What sort of manners, for example, had Cecil Rhodes? I never had the honour of meeting him, but those who knew him intimately tell me that his manners were almost repellent. Yet Rhodes, surely, was a man of sterling character!

And what does Carlyle say of Napoleon Bonaparte? "In the Military School hard by there sat, studying mathematics, a dusky-complexioned, taciturn boy, under the name of—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE!" And: "He is lying at Auxonne, in the West, in these months, not sumptuously lodged—in the house of a barber, to whose wife he did not pay the customary degree of respect."

Heaven forfend that I should be accused of believing that lack of manners indicates greatness of character. I am a little better versed in my logic than that. But I really must remind those Epsom schoolboys that it is better to say "I go not," and go, than to say "I go, Sir!"—and go not.

**The Manners of
Young Women.**

In one sense Lord Rosebery's remarks may be useful. Manners are becoming a lost art, not amongst those of real character—for their actions embrace good manners—but among those of little or very ordinary character. It used to be the case that the manners of young boys were better than those of girls of the same age, whilst the manners of young women were better than those of young men of the same age. The change that has of late taken place in the manners of the nation chiefly affects our young women, who, in their turn, affect the bad manners that were once solely characteristic of their brothers.

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot.")

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND!"

It is rather the "smart" thing nowadays to have bad manners. If this is a reaction from the affectations and hypocrisies of the Victorian era, well and good; but all reactionary tendencies go too far, and this one has gone too far. A rude young man is an ignorant lout, but a rude young woman is an abomination. It is possible to be well-mannered without being sickly or affected. Just as "smartness" is always bad form, chiefly to be found amongst those who are not quite sure of themselves, so absolute naturalness is always good form, only to be found amongst those who are quite confident of their breeding and training.

In the end, therefore, Lord Rosebery was right to praise good manners, but wrong to overpraise them to the point of saying that "there was one way, and one way only, that the character of a man best showed itself, and that was by his manners."

**The National
Theatre Again.**

Mr. Martin Harvey, bravely ignoring such minor topics as the Ulster problem and the Austro-Hungarian-Servian problem, writes a passionate letter to the *Daily Telegraph* on the dear old subject of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre. Mr. Martin Harvey, it seems, has given the sum of one thousand pounds to the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre—conditionally. He does not tell us what those conditions are, but he does upbraid poor old England for not at once building and endowing a National Theatre. He "burns with shame" at the thought of the difficulty encountered in this country in raising the necessary funds for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre "compared with what is done for the education of the people abroad by the presentation of great drama, and for the placing of theatre management devoted to plays of a lofty character upon a footing which relieves it of the destroying anxiety of how to meet expenses at the end of each week—which the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre again aims at doing."

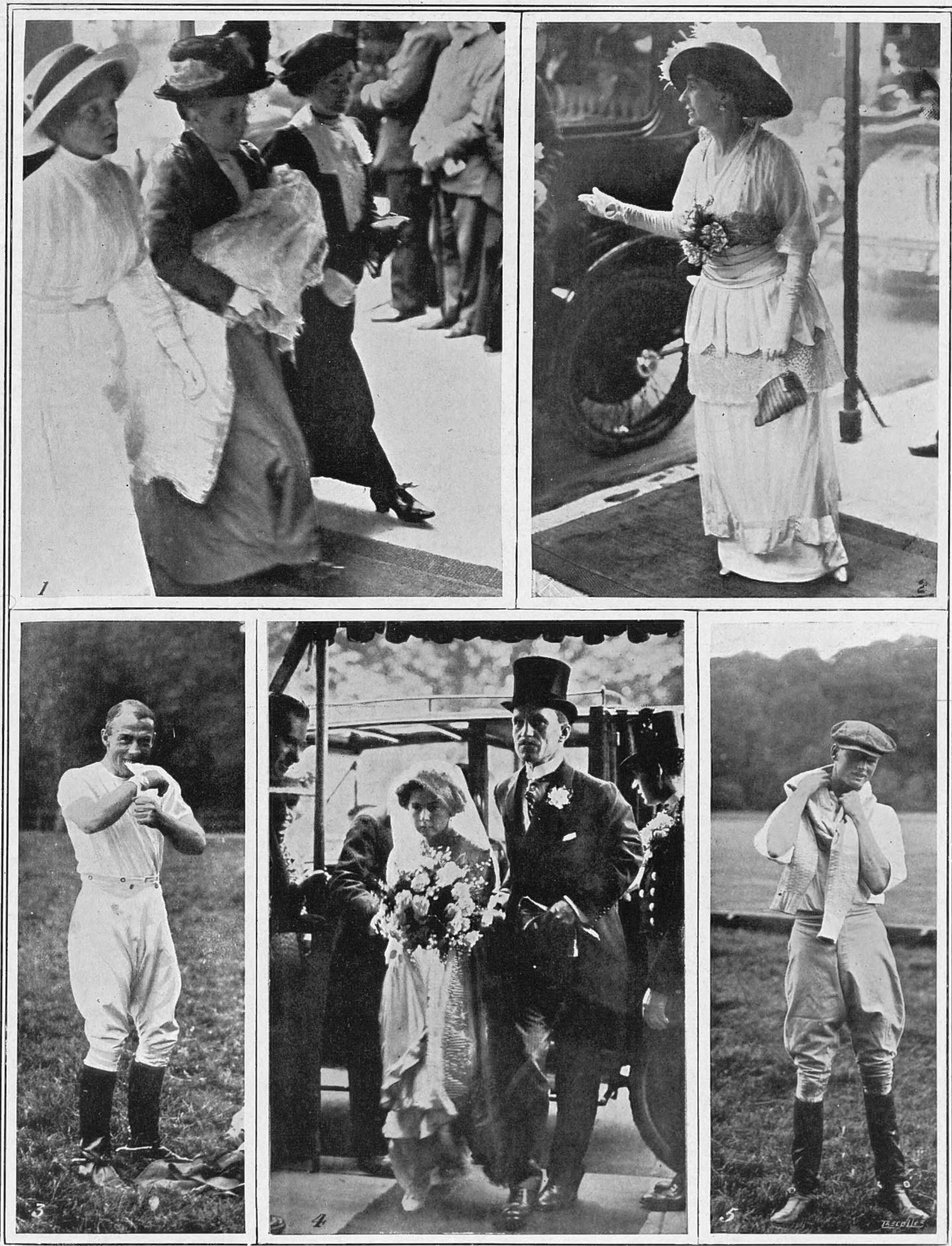
**A Challenge to
Mr. Harvey.**

Nobody is keener than myself on the uplifting of the theatre in England, and I have probably devoted as much time and labour to the matter as Mr. Martin Harvey. But I, for one, should never raise a finger in aid of the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre until I had received satisfactory answers to several very pertinent questions. These are the questions, moreover, that the public want answered, and they will not, I fancy, come forward with either their moral or financial support until the questions are answered. For example—

- (1) How will the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre be managed?
- (2) Who will manage it?
- (3) Who will select the plays?
- (4) Who will select the players?
- (5) Is it to be a large or small theatre?
- (6) Will it have the approval and support of the State?
- (7) Will it produce only the kind of play called by Mr. Martin Harvey "great drama," or will it produce also realistic comedies of modern life?
- (8) How can we be sure that such a theatre will be free from snobbery and favouritism?
- (9) What voice will the public have in the control of such a theatre, seeing that the theatre will be independent of the patronage of the public?

I commend these questions to the attention of Mr. Martin Harvey. If he can answer them all to my satisfaction I will match his conditional thousand pounds with a like amount.

LONDON WEDDINGS; AND COWDRAY PARK POLO: "SNAPS."



1. THE YOUNGEST RELATIVE AT THE WEDDING OF MR. HAROLD SMITH AND MISS JOAN FURNEAUX: THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. F. E. SMITH TAKEN TO THE CHURCH BY NURSE.
2. F. E.'S BROTHER MARRIES F. E.'S WIFE'S SISTER: MRS. F. E. SMITH ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH FOR THE MARRIAGE OF MR. HAROLD SMITH AND MISS JOAN FURNEAUX.

As we note elsewhere, the wedding of Mr. Harold Smith, M.P. for Warrington, brother of Mr. F. E. Smith, with Miss Joan Furneaux, sister of Mrs. F. E. Smith, took place last week.—The Cowdray Park Tournament drew an excellent attendance to Lord Cowdray's beautiful ground. Lord Stalbridge, who played for Haslemere, is the second Baron.

3. THE COWDRAY PARK POLO TOURNAMENT: LORD STALBRIDGE BINDING UP HIS WRIST BEFORE PLAYING.
4. THE WEDDING OF MISS GEORGIANA FRANCES DOMVILLE AND MAJOR DUDLEY GEORGE BLOIS: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM ARRIVING AT THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S HOUSE FOR THE RECEPTION.
5. THE COWDRAY PARK POLO TOURNAMENT: LORD ALISTAIR LEVESON-GOWER, WHO PLAYED FOR STOPHAM.

South Africa between 1899 and 1903, and was twice mentioned in despatches. Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower, who played for Stopham, is in the Horse Guards.—The wedding of Miss Georgiana Frances Domville, second daughter of Admiral Sir Compton and Lady Domville, and Major Dudley George Blois, Royal Field Artillery, son of the late Sir John Blois, Bt., and Eliza, Lady Blois, took place last week.

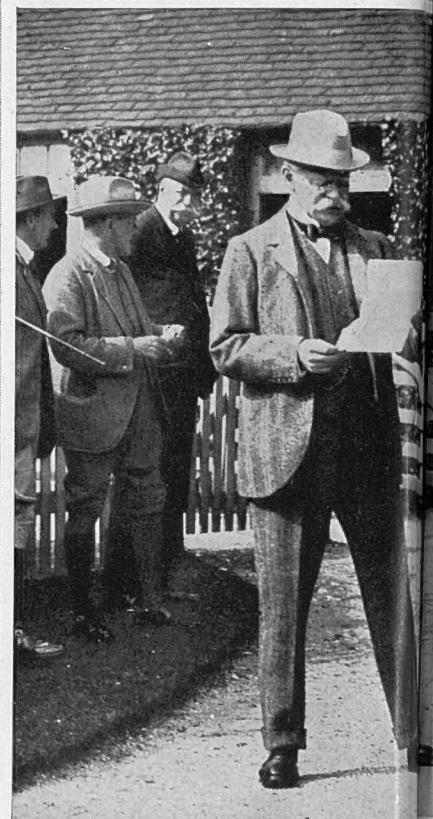
WE WOULD CALL IT "GLORIOUS" IF WE DARED! GOODWOOD



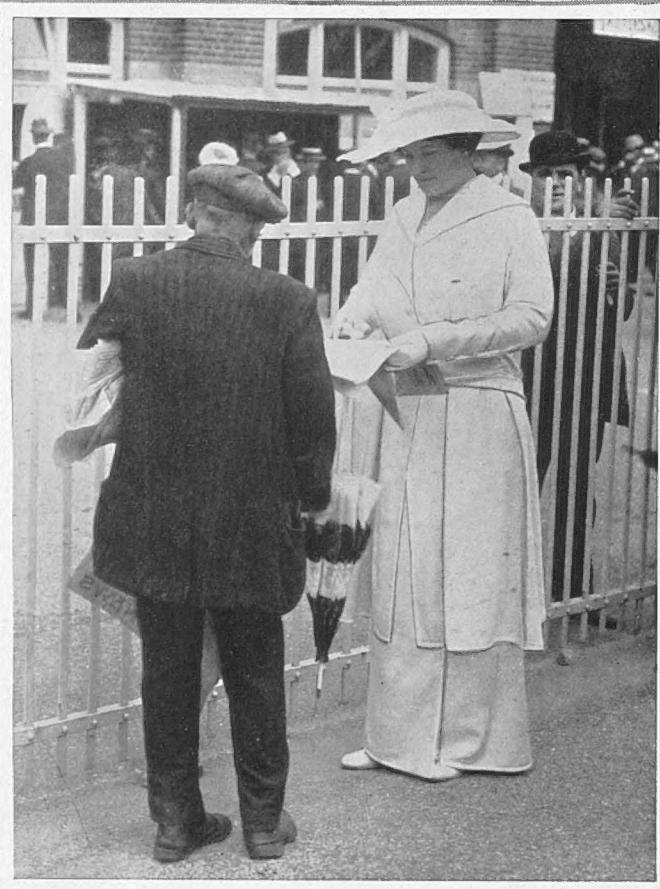
LADY VILLIERS AND LADY NOREEN BASS.



LADY COWDRAY.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND SWEARING IN THE PARISHES OF SINGLETON



LADY TORRINGTON.



LADY BURTON, WIFE OF COLONEL J. E. BRUCE BAILLIE.

Goodwood—we refuse to call it "glorious," despite the fact that the name seems naked without the adjective which has decorated it for so many years—was, as is, of course, usual, a great social function.—Lady Villiers is the wife of Viscount Villiers, elder son of the Earl of Jersey. Before her marriage, which took place in 1908, she was known as Lady Cynthia Needham, and she is the only daughter of the Earl of Kilmorey.—Lady Noreen Bass is the youngest sister of the Earl of Huntingdon, and was married to Sir William Arthur Hamar Bass, Bt., in 1903.—Lady Cowdray is the wife of the first Baron Cowdray, who was well known as Sir Weetman Pearson, the contractor. Her marriage took place in 1881. She is a daughter of the late Sir John Cass, of Bradford, Yorkshire.—The Duke of

Photographs by Topical News

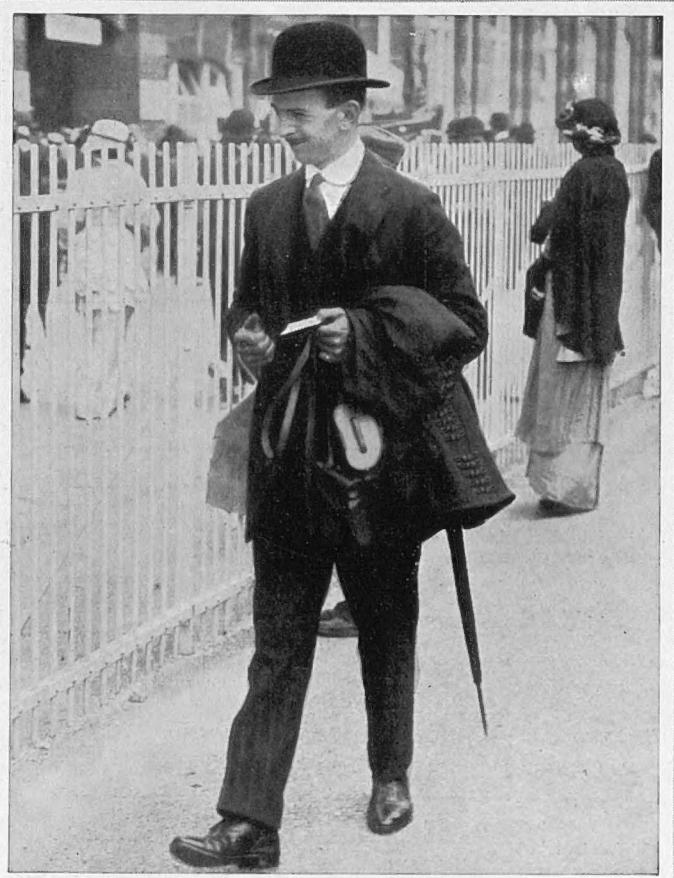
WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE AT THE FAMOUS SEASON-END MEETING.

LONDON POLICE AS CONSTABLES OF THE
EVANSTON, AND GOODWOOD.

LADY MAR AND KELLIE.



LADY MAR AND KELLIE AND LORD FARQUHAR.



LORD TORRINGTON, A FORMER PAGE OF HONOUR.



COUNTESS ZIA TORBY.

Richmond is the seventh holder of that title and of the Dukedom of Lennox, and is the second Duke of Gordon. He is also Duke of Aubigny, in France.—The marriage of Lady Susan Ashley, daughter of the eighth Earl of Shaftesbury, to the twelfth Earl of Mar and fourteenth Earl Kellie, premier Viscount of Scotland, took place in 1893.—Lord Farquhar, the first Baron, has been Master of the Household and acting Lord Steward, and is an extra Lord-in-Waiting to the King.—The marriage of Miss Eleanor Souray and the ninth Viscount Torrington, who was a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria, and to King Edward VII., took place in 1910.—Baroness Burton, who succeeded to the title in 1909, was married to Colonel James Evan Bruce Baillie in 1894.—Countess Zia Torby is the elder daughter of the Grand Duke Michael.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Canada : The Western Cities, Their Borrowing and Their Assets. Henry Howard. 2s. ("Investor's Guardian.")

In Nature's Ways. Marcus Woodward. 2s. (Pearson.)

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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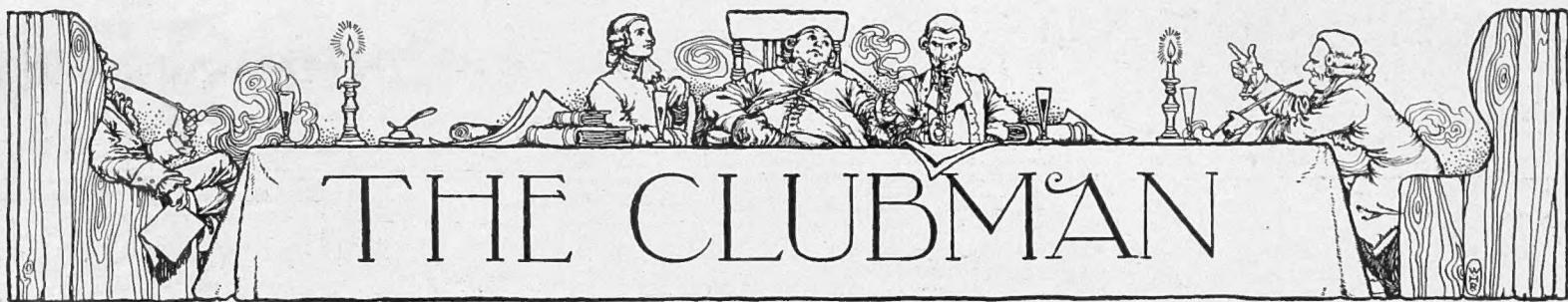
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THE CLUBMAN

THE CURSE OF SHYNESS : THE PROFESSIONAL MANNER : A TRAGEDY OF THE FAR EAST.

"Manners Maketh Man." Lord Rosebery did not quote the Winchester motto when he discoursed to the lads of Epsom

College on the subject of manners good and manners bad, but it might have served him very well as a text. No man has a better right to talk of good manners than has Lord Rosebery, for his own manner is delightful with every man with whom he converses. Had he been able to tell his listeners at Epsom how he acquired his happy method of talking to every man on the subject that interests that man most, and of making all who approach him feel quite at home with him, he would have done the world a real service. But I fancy that no man really blessed with perfect manners could describe how he came by them.

The Curse of Shyness. Lord Rosebery put his finger very surely on one very general cause of bad manners, and that is shyness.

The shy man, who would give half his kingdom to be able to be pleasantly at ease in general company, is horribly conscious of the paralysing effects on himself of his shyness, knows how brusque and boorish his conversation seems, and, though conscious of his infirmity, cannot conquer it. Certainly no lesson ever taught in a school can ever conquer shyness, and it is only in a drawing-room that the disease is ever conquered, and then only when kindly ladies will take the poor sufferer in hand and teach him to set a right value on himself.

The Bedside Manner.

I fancy that Lord Rosebery had forgotten for a moment that he was talking to youngsters when he reminded them of the difference in manner between the cheery doctor and the despondent doctor, for most of his hearers probably had not required the services of a doctor at all since the days of their infantile maladies—mumps and chicken-pox and the like. The simple remedies and simple knowledge of the school matron are sufficient for the bruises and cuts that come in the course of games, and it is only when the corner of life has been turned and a man's doctors' bills grow long that he notices the difference in manner of the various medical men whom he is compelled to call in. In his youth he does not care twopence whether a doctor has a smiling face or a gloomy one so long as he gets him out of bed quickly and lets him go back to his games and an active life. The occasional consultation for which Lord Rosebery would reserve the medical knights of the rueful countenance has no place in the philosophy of a schoolboy.

A Fine Phrase. Lord Rosebery's concluding phrase to the Epsom College boys that a noble character produces noble manners sounded exceedingly well, but I fancy that it is a rule to which there are very many exceptions. For one thing, many men

of noble character are exceedingly shy. I believe that good manners are to a great extent a matter of profession. A doctor or a clergyman handicaps himself very seriously if he does not acquire good manners. They are a help to soldiers and sailors, but their absence in a man of the fighting professions is accounted for by his being a man of action, and a surly man of war may obtain promotion for his supposed fighting qualities, whereas the same man, if he possesses silky manners, would be considered a carpet knight. A barrister should have a complete command of all kinds of manners, good and bad, ready to use according to circumstances.

The Fear of White Wolf. Since the days when "Chinese Gordon" saved the Celestial Empire from disruption by organising his "ever-victorious" army, no bandit has ever made such head against the Chinese Government as White Wolf has done.

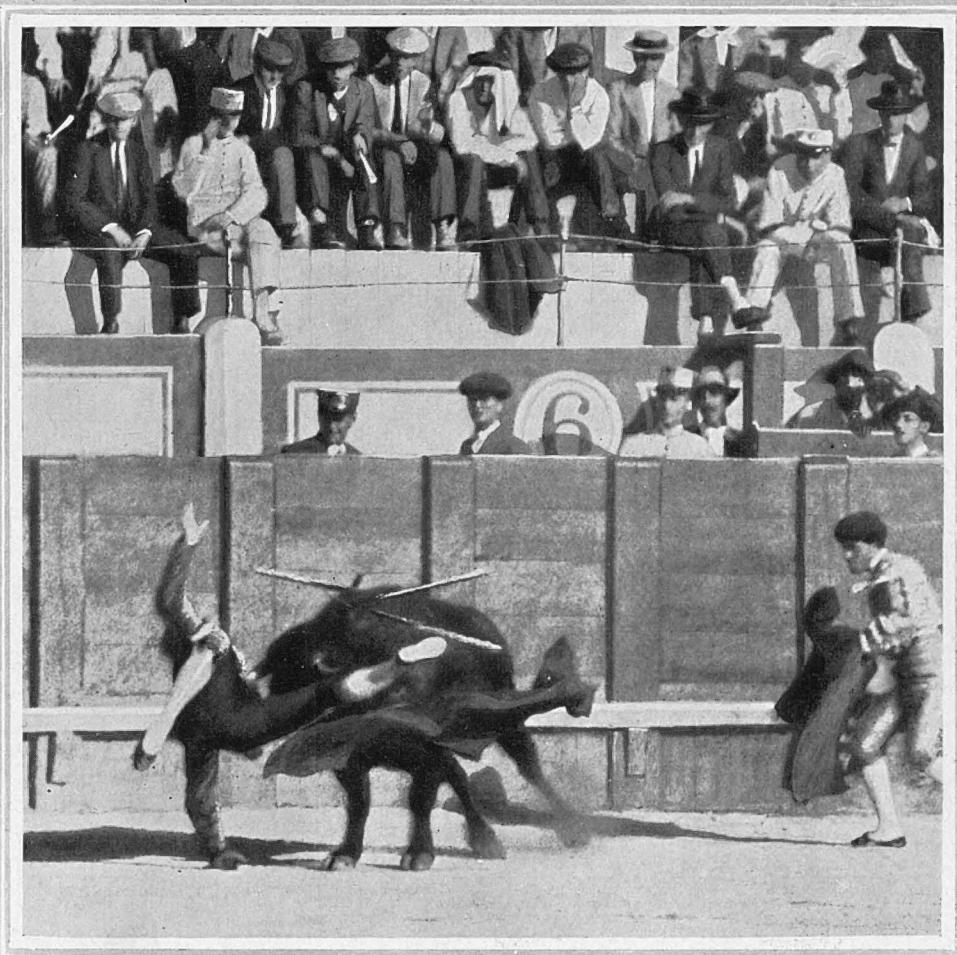
Now and again, over the telegraph-wires come hints of the tremendous tragedies that are being enacted in North China. Perhaps the most terrible of these stories is that of the fate of the women and children burned in a Moslem mosque by their own men to prevent them from falling into the hands of the brigands.

How Rajput Women Died.

So far as I know, this holocaust of women and children is a new thing in China, but in Indian history such sacrifices have often been recorded. Nothing shows whether the Chinese women and children went willingly to their death; but when, in the wars that the Rajputs waged against the Mahrattas, some desperate enterprise was undertaken, the Rajput women more than once gave themselves up to the flames in order that their existence should be no tie on the men. I remember hearing such a story told me in the great rock fortress of Gwalior—how, before

the men made a desperate sally, the women entered one of the great underground chambers and there gave themselves voluntarily to death. The surroundings in which the story was told to me impressed it very vividly on my mind.

A Modern Gwalior Tale. I was told a tale within the past few days of an endeavour made by the present ruler of Gwalior, the Maharajah Scindia, to acclimatise some Abyssinian lions in his game preserves. He is one of the few Indian potentates who can give distinguished strangers tiger-shooting near his capital, and he wished to give his guests lion-shooting as well. He imported a dozen lions from Africa and turned them loose. His subjects, however, did not take at all kindly to the new importations, and any missing living thing, whether it was a coolie or a chicken, was supposed to have been carried off by a lion. At last the Maharajah had to cut short the lives of the whole dozen at once, and slew them in one great battue.



A REMARKABLE SNAPSHOT OF A BULL-FIGHT TRAGEDY: A TOREADOR GORED TO DEATH.

The remarkable instantaneous photograph which we reproduce was taken in the bull-ring in Madrid at the actual moment when the bull, maddened by the applause of the crowd, succeeded in fatally goring the toreador. It will be noticed that the photograph was taken so quickly that the spectators had not had time to realise the tragedy which was taking place.

TO FINISH THE SEASON: GOODWOOD AND A WEDDING.



WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN WOULD HAVE BEEN BUT FOR THE CRISIS: THE GOODWOOD HOUSE PARTY.

In the back row, from left to right: Lady Anne Lambton, Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Sir W. Bass, Marquis de Soveral, Earl Percy, Earl Coventry, Mr. Arthur Coventry, Viscount Falmouth, Viscount Villiers, Mr. Leonard Brassey, Lord Annally, Hon. H. Stonor, Earl of Durham, Hon. R. Molyneux, Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox.

In the front row, from left to right: the Hon. Lucia White, Viscountess Villiers, Lady Mar and Kellie, Viscountess Falmouth, Countess Cadogan, Countess Percy, Duke of Richmond, Lady Violet Brassey, Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Earl Cadogan, Countess of Coventry, Lady Noreen Bass, Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox.—[Photograph by Russell.]



"F. E.'S" BROTHER MARRIES "F. E.'S" WIFE'S SISTER: THE WEDDING PROCESSION OF MR. HAROLD SMITH, M.P., AND MISS FURNEAUX.

The wedding of Mr. Harold Smith, M.P. for Warrington, brother of the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., with Joan, youngest daughter of the Rev. Henry Furneaux, of Oxford, and sister of Mrs. F. E. Smith, took place at St. Margaret's Church,

Westminster, last week. The bridesmaids were: Miss Eleanor Smith (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Smith), Miss Elizabeth Page Croft, Miss Joyce Thomson, Miss Lorna Smith, and Miss Elizabeth Otter-Barry.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

THE ANGLO-GERMAN MARRIAGE APPLICATION.



WEDDED ON JAN. 6, 1914, AND LIVING APART ELEVEN WEEKS LATER: THE HON. JOHN FREEMAN-MITFORD AND MRS. FREEMAN-MITFORD (FORMERLY FRÄULEIN VON FRIEDELAENDER-FÜLD).

Last week, an application was made to the Divisional Court for a rule nisi for a criminal information against the editor of a well-known journal for libel, on the application of the Hon. John Freeman-Mitford, son of Lord Redesdale. The Court refused the application on the ground that, according to modern practice, such application could be granted only to persons holding public offices. It appeared from an affidavit by the applicant that on Jan. 6, 1914, he was married at Berlin to Fräulein von Friedlaender-Füld. In the first ten weeks, said counsel, the parties lived together, when the wife, on grounds which he need not detail, decided to live apart

from her husband. Rumours as to the separation were circulated in Berlin, and one cause in particular was suggested: this counsel said was absolutely untrue. In proof, he read a letter from the applicant's wife to Lady Redesdale, in which occurred, for example, the lines: "My heart aches at the very thought of the sad hours my poor Jack will have to pass through. . . . He has gone back to his home, and there, if you all understand that he has never wronged anyone, but that our ways led us apart, that we lived away from one another inwardly, you may perhaps help him; my friendship is his for ever very great and very high."

Photograph by C.N.



A FULL HOUSE—AND A FULL PROGRAMME—AT THE PALLADIUM.

Montaigne and the Policeman.

When I received the ukase from the Editor, requiring me to do the Palladium, I squirmed a little. "Ukase" is rather a jolly word, I think, and I wonder what it really is! I should rather like to meet one, if they don't bite. You see, I had to do the Coliseum last week, and it is very difficult to be brilliant two weeks running on the same kind of subject, particularly when you have constant readers quite willing to point out any repetitions. I know that I have constant readers: there was a man at the club the other day who said he never missed any of my articles, and had refused the offer of a valuable appointment in Central Africa because he was not sure of getting my article regularly. No, I did not lend him the five shillings which he referred to a little later on. Mrs. Monocle is quite sure he meant what he said: and so am I—so far as the five shillings is concerned. When, in obedience to the ukase—which still means what I said it did—I got near Argyll Street the appearance of a big crowd caused me to think there might be a fire; so I went to ask a policeman, addressing him, of course, as "constable." You should never address our street guardians as "policeman," pronounced either dissyllable or trisyllable: it is wise to remain on good terms with the Force, it being well to have a friend at Court, if only the police-court. "Oh!" said he, "the crowd! that's the Palladium—the people coming out of the first performance and the people going in to the second." "Some trying to get in, others trying to get out," I answered. "It reminds one of Montaigne's views about matrimony, and the comparison concerning a besieged castle." "Yes, Sir," he replied. I wonder whether the police really read the essays of the witty philosopher, and I wonder whether he really wrote those words about marriage and the

beseiged castle; but I'll risk it—what a chance for the constant reader! Of course, I was punctual, for once, and heard the whole show right from the beginning until twelve and a half minutes to midnight, and then there were two more scenes of the "Revue" and two other turns still to come. But, you see, it was getting late, and I dared not miss my last bus to the Mile End Road. I can't afford a taxi on my sweated salary. Moreover, my arrival in a hired auto and a boiled rag and a claw-hammer coat would be regarded as "swank" by my local friends, and might cause unpleasantness: some of them would even cease to call upon Mrs. Monocle. Rather a Gargantuan feast at the Palladium, beginning with a scrap

Miss Marie Blanche: we English always pronounce the name "Mahrie," because we think that this sounds

French, but it doesn't. She made, I believe, a hit in "The Joy-Ride Lady"; certainly she sings quite charmingly, and would act very well under a severe producer. Anyhow, she played well enough for a music-hall sketch called "The Chorus Girl," an excellent thing, written by Mr. Harry Grattan, concerning a young lady of the chorus, who, instead of trying to marry a "swagger" nut and applying in due course for an order "for restitution of conjugal rights," wanted to get on in her profession, and played a trick successfully upon her swollen-headed manager. There is really some humour and observation in the sketch, and I ought to add that Mr. Stanley Turnbull presented the manager cleverly.



"DORA'S DOZE":
MR. DAVE O'TOOLE
AS TED WRIGHT.

CARICATURED BY
TONY SARG.

"Dora's Doze" is the *pièce de résistance* of the bill, and is stated to be "a musical slumber in seven nightmares," which I believe to be a true statement, but I was too near the orchestra "to make good." Dora was a kind of Cinderella at Hamborough, and she dreamed things, which is a bad habit, particularly if you dream very loudly. She dreamed herself in "Harry Hick's Emporium" in London—one of those



"DORA'S DOZE": MR. HARRY RAY AS HARRY HICKS, DRAPER'S ASSISTANT, ABOUT TO FIT SOME OF THE GIRLS.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

huge multiple establishments that are swallowing up the little shops and, to the detriment of the race, converting the independent small shopkeepers into mere employees. We had all sorts of funniments and songs and dances, with a *sauce Américane*, which fascinated the audience; however, I cannot say that "rag-time" was appropriate in a *magasaine de chiffongs*. And then we got to Monte Carlo, and the scene here was dazzlingly original, for there was no reference to the gambling-tables: indeed, until I got home and read the programme, I did not know it was Monte Carlo; and we had a comic meal, and also an episode connected with a young lady, who I rather think would be out of place as a Sunday-school teacher. She was presented prettily by Miss Margery Dunbar, or by "Anita," I'm not quite sure which—the latter, I fancy. Then we went behind the scenes at the "Colippalladium" with a burlesque melodrama and a comic music-hall turn. However, I cannot go on describing things in this "meticulous" fashion—there is alleged to be a royalty of twopence to Mr. Arnold Bennett for the use of this word, but I defy him; for I found it in a dictionary, and used it before he was born, which is an answer to any claim. The entertainment may be on a very generous scale, yet people who pay do not mind that; and the audience was enthusiastic throughout. And, anyhow, I have forgotten Miss Hetty King, "the famous male impersonator": I do not mind betting my next week's salary that she was a *female* impersonator; however, she and the programme seem to think otherwise. It seems a bit of a mix-up of language, which did not prevent the audience from applauding so frantically that she was forced to make a little speech.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



"DORA'S DOZE": MISS JENNY LYNN AS DORA DICKENS, A BOARDING-HOUSE DRUDGE.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

by the band, called "Almond Blossoms," consisting of a kind of preliminary throat-clearing. I fancy the piece was cut short: let me skip a couple of numbers, and rush to Miss Marie Blanche.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: FUN AT THE PALLADIUM.



SEEN IN "THE CHORUS GIRL"; AND IN THE "DORA'S DOZE" REVUE.

Fun at the Palladium is fast and furious. In the picture at the top of this page our Untamed Artist has endeavoured to illustrate the farcical voice-trial from "The Chorus Girl," by Harry Grattan, in which that old favourite, Miss Marie Blanche, assisted by Mr. Stanley Turnbull and others, make merry over the trials of the theatrical world. The touching episode depicted at the bottom of this page is from

the revue, "Dora's Doze," which is described on the programme as "a musical slumber in seven nightmares"—but the man who could slumber through it must be a dull dog indeed. The revue is "devised" by Ned Wayburn, with music by Louis Hirsch, both of "Hullo, Tango!" fame, whilst the dialogue and lyrics are by George Arthurs, author of "The Honeymoon Express."



COUNT ALBERT MENSDORFF.

A TYPICAL day at the Foreign Office last week: The French Ambassador calls on Sir Edward Grey at 10 a.m.; the German Ambassador seeks an interview at 10:30; the Italian Ambassador appears just before lunch; Lord Kitchener is somewhere on hand; the First Lord is on the telephone. And although a charwoman polishes the brass knobs on the doors of St. James's Palace as if nothing in particular were happening, there is, quite early in the morning, a discreet bustle in and out of the Yard; while all the way from Carlton House Terrace to Westminster First and Second Secretaries are on the move. The casual observer does not recognise them, but any old Foreign Office servant could tell from the mere look of the pavement that Europe was at war. The only man, apparently, who stays at home is the Austrian Ambassador.

The Embassy : And the
An Impression. Austrian
Embassy

the day after the declaration of war was, seemingly, steeped in quiet—a dull, or even dingy, haunt of peace. Like all its neighbours, No. 18, Belgrave Square (one had almost written Belgrade) belongs to the past. It is only about as old as the Austrian Emperor, but it has aged more quickly. Decaying gentlemen have a way of telling you from their arm-chairs in Piccadilly that they or their fathers used to shoot snipe on the ground where the Square now stands, but already it is brown with years, and No. 18 is the brownest of all. It looks entirely undisturbed by Continental upheaval, and the solitary waiting taxi (a small thing, but for the time being my own) at his Excellency's door is the only indication of life within.

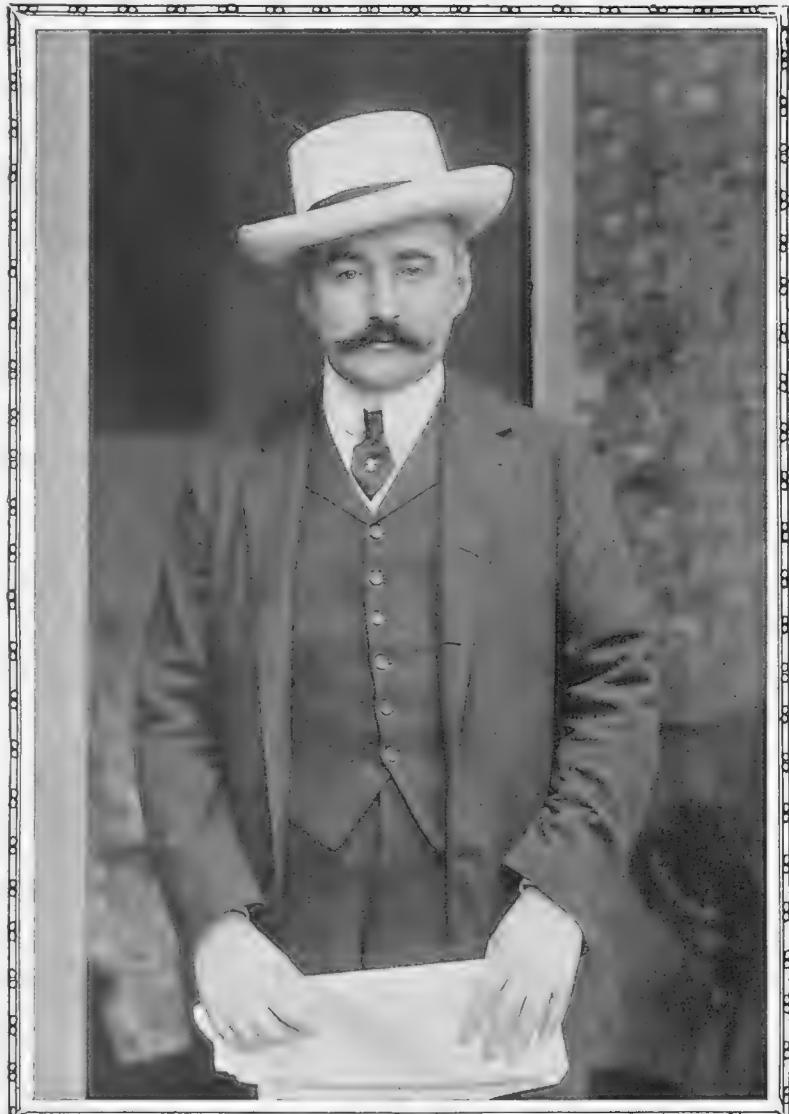
King Edward's That Count
Friend. Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly

should strive to keep the peace so exactly in Belgrave Square is characteristic of a man whose life in England has been a life of amiabilities. In superficial affairs he is first-cousin to the Marquis de Soveral and half-brother to Count Benckendorff. He was one of the group of men who found Edward the Seventh's England very much to their liking; and if some vast cataclysm of the Powers had done to the Austrian Emperor what a tea-cup revolution did for King Manuel in Portugal, his Excellency would feel inclined to go on living, like M. de Soveral, in London.

The Unstrained Relations. The Count first came to England a quarter of a century ago, and for six years filled an Attaché's post at the Embassy. Returning again as First Secretary in 1896, he established himself as Ambassador

just twelve years ago. But London society has never regarded him as an out-and-out diplomatist. That he is one need not be for a moment denied; and assuredly the look of unconcern he and his house both wear is deceptive. The unflurried footmen at No. 18, and the staid and comfortable interior only mean that the Embassy is in perfect trim—either for the business of entertaining or for the business of warfare. And while London has fallen into the habit of regarding Count Albert as a man of the world, the term has for him a larger significance than many people dream. It is true that he entered with zest into all the pleasures of the Edwardian Court: he was actually a second-cousin, through his grandmother, of King Edward's, and connected with the royal houses of Russia, Belgium, and Portugal. For some reason or another, it is expected of a man who has only narrowly escaped the responsibilities of thrones and the weight of crowns that he should be irresponsible and light. Count Albert did his duty by racecourses, the Sandringham birds, and house-parties in general; he was always keener about Goodwood than a Coronation, and looked forward to Pau with greater zest than to any number of Special Missions; but all the while he displayed the most admirable tact as a courtier: his royal relations were never strained relations.

The Actor. His Excellency is something of an actor, and when on the stage his talents are duly appreciated. In private theatricals at Chatsworth and elsewhere he has made notable successes in the parts he prefers—and they are generally those of an English "mymord," with a notably English accent. Off the stage, as is proper, his acting, as acting, wins less applause: it is so difficult to know where the drama of real life begins and ends.



OF THE GREAT WORLD—AND IN THE EYES OF THE WHOLE WORLD THIS WEEK: COUNT ALBERT MENSDORFF, AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly, second son of the late Prince Dietrichstein von Nicolsburg, was born at Lemberg in 1861. After being educated at home, he went to the University of Vienna, and afterwards spent a year in the Army before entering the Diplomatic Service. He has been Attaché to the Embassies at Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, is connected with the Royal Houses of Russia, Belgium, and Portugal, and is a second cousin of the late King Edward. He has been Ambassador to Great Britain since 1904, and is very popular in Society.

Photograph by Russell.

His University days were spent in Vienna; afterwards he lived in Paris for three years; and later, spent twelve months in St. Petersburg. With all of these he keeps in touch; the Jockey Club in Vienna and the Cercle de l'Union in Paris know him almost as well as the Marlborough or the Travellers', or the Turf. But for the present he has dropped the club habit. For a week he has been a man of mystery; nobody in town has seen him. The simple fact is that he is at home, and working harder than he has ever worked before.

Though Mystery—or the Belgrave Ten-Hour Day. Square has been his headquarters for a number of years, he is on good terms with the more important capitals of Europe.

"AT CARLTON IN NOVEMBER": LADY BEAUMONT'S WEDDING.



IN THE ROSE GARDEN OF CARLTON TOWERS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF LADY BEAUMONT TAKEN RECENTLY.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE GROUNDS: ANOTHER PLEASING PORTRAIT AT THE BARONESS'S HOME.



WITH HER FIANCÉ: THE BARONESS BEAUMONT AND THE HON. BERNARD FITZALAN-HOWARD.

The wedding of the Baronesse Beaumont to the Hon. Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, elder son of Lord Howard of Glossop, will take place some time in November, at Carlton, near Selby, the home of the bride. The Baronesse, who is not yet twenty years old, is a Peeress in her own right. She is extremely wealthy, having shared with her sister, the Hon. Ivy Stapleton, the inheritance of the vast property left by her father, who died

in 1895. The bridegroom, the Hon. Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, is a kinsman of the Duke of Norfolk, and both families are Roman Catholics. There was a rumour that the wedding was to have taken place last week, and had been postponed, but Lady Beaumont has informed a reporter that there has been no postponement, and that the wedding will take place "some time in November at Carlton."

Photographs by C.N.



CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, caught in England during the war storm, is a confirmed traveller, and one of the few European royalties who have adventured into the United States. He arrived there in much the same way as he arrived the other day in London. Having made friends on the boat with,



A NEW PRINCE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND :
THE SON OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRUNSWICK.

The "London Gazette" announced a day or two ago that the King has been pleased to ordain that the children born to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick and Lüneburg shall enjoy the style of "Highness" with their titular dignity of Prince or Princess prefixed to their respective Christian names, or with any titles of honour which may belong to them; and that the designation of the said children shall be "a Prince (or Princess) of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The wedding of the German Emperor's only daughter to Prince Ernest Augustus of Cumberland, Duke of Brunswick, took place on May 27, 1913, and a son was born of the wedding on March 18 last.

Photograph by C.N.

according to his usual preference, ordinary business men, he landed, thinking he could engage on a chatty, personally conducted tour (with himself for conductor) of the bigger towns. But New York did not let him think so long. He was taken in hand before he got across the gangway and was a hero in five minutes.

The English Manner. "He's the genuine Flying Dutchman," said Mr. Dooley, watching Prince Henry on the run from one party to another. "Like the fireman, he sleeps in his hat." It was not the fire-alarm, however, but the dinner-gong that kept him lively. He liked the hospitality of



FISHING ON HIS SUSSEX ESTATE WITH HIS SON: LORD BUXTON, THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The appointment of Viscount Buxton of Newtimber as Governor-General of the Union of South Africa dates from June of this year. The salary is £10,000 per annum.

New York, if only because it was excessive. A welcome must be whole-hearted or nothing. In England it amounts almost to nothing—not because we dislike Prince Henry, but because we are the least enterprising entertainers on the face of the earth.

*Opera and
Mr. L. G.*

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, if only to find out what it was that "master likes so much," turned up at Drury Lane for the last of the Russian operas. Mr. Lloyd George is not so learned or liberal an appreciator of music as the "P.M.," or as Mr. McKenna; but he made an experienced judge of one part of the concert work he heard at Drury Lane—the applause at the close of the performance. The only opera he cares for much is "The Jewels of the Madonna"—and that he has heard three times; but in any case his record of attendance at Covent Garden or Drury Lane is easily eclipsed by Master Anthony A.'s.

*Mr. Ponsonby's Pill
for the Peerage.*

Mr. Ponsonby, like his Bill, is a queer mixture. He was born in the lap of the Peerage, and Windsor Castle was his nursery. On his mother's side, as well as on his father's, he comes of the class he is belabouring; and if his impossible Bill became law his wife's family would likewise be deprived of a title—not to mention the endangering of King and Constitution. But Mr. Ponsonby, a good-looking man with delightful manners, mixes humour with his grave beliefs, and the House likes him. There is, too, enough serious stuff in his anti-peerage Bill to get it a hearing, in between the laughter.

"Old Blade."

Sir John Ross of Bladensburg tells his friends that there are sixty-six reasons for his retirement over and above any that are alleged in Parliament. But, unless you remembered his year of birth as 1848, you might not at first suspect his meaning, so well does this ex-Coldstreamer bear the wear-and-tear of time. The sobriquet "Old Blade" is used in Dublin rather endearingly in his regard. There are plenty of Rosses in the world, good men and true; but the distinguishing appellation of this particular line was won for it by Sir John's grandfather when his victory at Bladensburg enabled him to capture Washington in 1814. Few people now remember what that little war with America was all about; but Sir John has a family, as well as an historian's, interest in the affair, and recites all its details with as much precision as Mr. Darrell Figgis commands about the conflict in Dublin the other day. Where so much of the trouble in Ireland is a matter of the religious census, it is worth noting that Sir John himself, though no Nationalist, joined the Roman Catholic Church some thirty-five years ago, that he has a brother a Jesuit, and has twice been sent on accredited British Missions to the Vatican.



A GREATER POWER IN ALBANIA THAN HER HUSBAND, THE RULER! THE PRINCESS OF ALBANIA IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

The Prince of Albania's position in the country of his adoption is by no means a sinecure or secure: indeed, his wife seems to have greater power than he has, and it has even been suggested that he should abdicate and that she should be the ruler! The Princess, whose marriage took place in May 1885, was known before that date as Princess Sophie of Schönburg Waldenburg.

Photograph by Becker and Maas.

MORE INTERESTED IN SAILS THAN SALES! SEA-WOMEN.



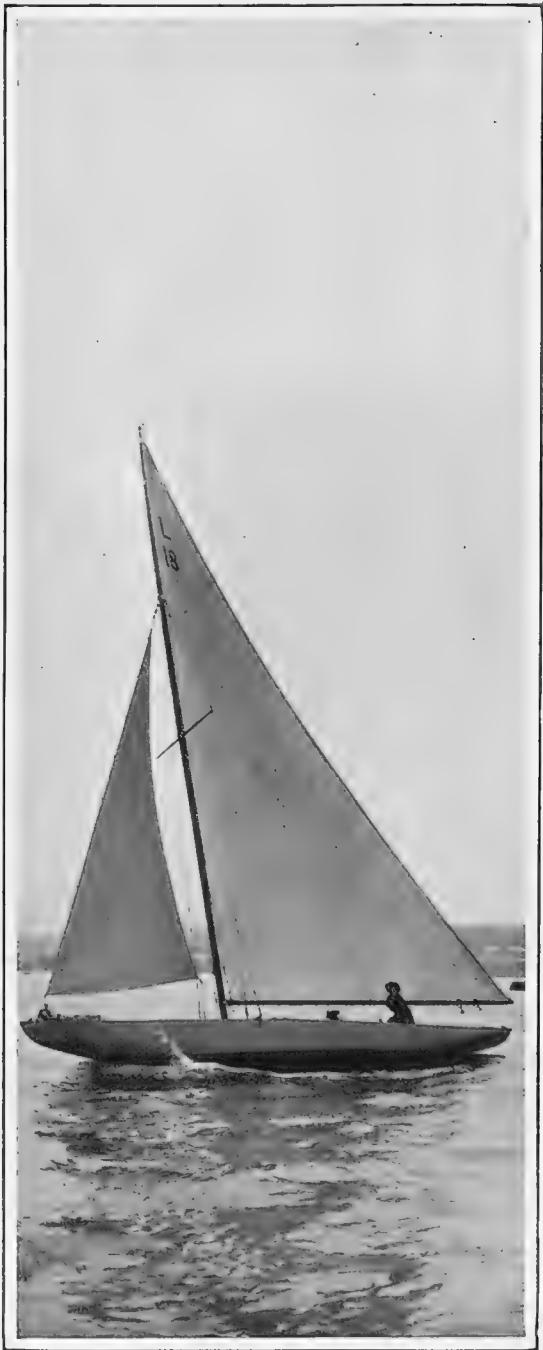
MISS BUTLER.



LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER, OF THE KETCH "MIRAGE."



VISCOUNTESS GORT.

MRS. ALWYN FOSTER, OF THE SCHOONER
"CALISTA."MISS STERLING, OF THE CUTTER
"CHOUGH."MISS R. HARRISON, OF THE SCHOONER
"CLEMENTINA."COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM AT THE HELM OF THE KETCH
"PETERKIN."MISS HARRISON, OF THE SCHOONER
"CLEMENTINA."

There have been unkind people to say that woman's chief interest lies in sales. Here, at all events, are some ladies to whom sails are of even greater moment!

Photographs by Kirk and Sons, Cowes.



By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

THE modern pleasure city is really an awful fraud. And, also, it is a salutary example of the dullness of pleasure, of the fatuity of idleness. From such an indictment, though, one must necessarily except Monte Carlo, which is both the mother, the chieftain of pleasure cities, and a place of feverish business, of hectic, never-ceasing hard work. There is always something to do in Monte Carlo! But one can safely include all the other resorts of moneied ease. There isn't enough to do in them. Take, for example, any one of the cure places of France that nestle in almost perfect beauty in the folds of its unequalled mountains. To enjoy one of them in the conventional way for more than a few hours one must be possessed of (a) a very great deal of loose cash, (b) the habit of fruitless idleness, and (c) a large circle of friends.

These are the weeks in which the pleasure city reaps its harvest. It lays itself out for the visitor. It arranges fêtes. It has three or four days of not very important racing. It has a dog show and a battle of flowers and a lawn-tennis tournament. But there isn't a fête every day. One cannot spend Thursday in the simple prospect of to-morrow's dog show. One is always wanting something to do, something to pass the time until one can go to one's next meal. You see, unless one is a tennis enthusiast, or a golf maniac, one isn't encouraged to take exercise. The days have passed, perhaps for ever, when, clad in old and suitable clothes, one started out after an early breakfast for a twenty-mile walk. No; one breakfasts late, and asks oneself day after day why one doesn't have the courage to change the dull rolls-and-

one returns to one's hotel. Perhaps another post has arrived. One begins to feel sleepy. . . . Tea has proved equally un-tealike in every hotel, café, and *patisserie* in the town, so one doesn't enjoy that little meal; but by now the casino is open. There's a concert going on—good music, no doubt; too good for most visitors, not good enough for others; anyhow, one can't hear it very easily: there are so many people walking about, there is so much scraping of chairs. And it isn't everywhere that one can sit down: in half the seats one has the inconvenience of ordering something to drink. The reading-room? I don't find the reading-room a consolation. The papers it contains are numerous enough, but they aren't by any means invariably the papers one wants. Possibly someone carries away the favourites under his coat. And the papers that there are are folded into a weighty wooden contrivance that makes their reading a discomfort.

And dinner. Tired of dining in one's hotel, one goes out to one or other of the famous restaurants of the place. There's a *chasseur* to take one's coat, and a *maître d'hôtel* one has known elsewhere, and a *patron* who looks predatory and suspicious, and, crowning outrage, a *carte du jour* which is not priced. The food is good, but not good enough to warrant the size of the bill. The friendly *maître d'hôtel* sympathises with one's anger. He'll arrange a special price with the *patron* for the next time one comes, he says. It will be sensible, though, if one has long ago decided that one will never go twice to

a restaurant where the items on the *carte* are not priced.

After dinner, the casino again. More music. Nowadays *Boule*

has taken the place of *petits chevaux*. *Boule* is an infernal game. *Le six; le trois; le cinq*: the croupier announces the numbers so monotonously. And it is all done so quickly that half the little players don't have time to put their francs on the table. Inside — where the crowd cannot enter — there are a number of dull people playing baccarat and *chemin de fer*. Neither is a game that is to be recommended to the casual player. No one plays them as if they were amusing. There are not many pretty dresses, and there are even fewer pretty faces. . . . In a little while one goes back to one's hotel and reads oneself to sleep. Another day gone, anyway!

After a fortnight or so of the pleasure city one returns to England with the



A WHITE HOPE FOR ENGLAND? YOUNG AHEARN (RIGHT), WHO IS TO FIGHT CARPENTIER ON THE 17TH, ENJOYING FRUIT ON THE FRONT AT BRIGHTON—WITH HIS TRAINER, BILLY CRAM.

Photograph by Sport and General.

After dinner, the casino again. More music. Nowadays *Boule*



WRESTLING WHILE TRAINING FOR HIS FORTHCOMING FIGHT WITH GEORGES CARPENTIER FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP: YOUNG AHEARN, WELL KNOWN AS A WELTER-WEIGHT, AT BRIGHTON—WITH PROFESSOR HURST.

Young Ahearn is to meet Georges Carpentier on Aug. 17. The greatest interest is being taken in the match; for whereas Carpentier is the heavy-weight champion, Ahearn has been fighting chiefly as a welter-weight. He was said the other day to scale 11 st. 6 lb., which is just inside the middle-weight limit. Thus, on paper, Carpentier has a 10 lb. advantage over Ahearn, and some hold that the match is unreasonable. This contention, others argue, is absurd. Ahearn is astonishingly cool and confident in the ring, and boxes in the most scientific manner.

Photograph by Alfieri.

the simple inn-keepers in the neighbourhood of pleasure cities forget no details in their campaign of despoiling the visitor!

Having taken no real exercise, one does not enjoy one's lunch. One strolls about, and then, by a different route, equally unobserving,

feeling that a week-end in one's own home is worth a fortnight of such recreation. And yet, so contrary a creature is man, one both recommends the place to one's friends and—goes there again next year!

HONOURS EASY.



SHE: Well, I think a woman has more honour than a man.

HE: Not when she's in bathing-dress.



LONDON BY NIGHT—THE CAFÉ ROYAL. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THE Café Royal—downstairs, for upstairs there are only the *cabinets particuliers*, whose *raison d'être* is, of course, to allow business men to talk shop privately and pleasantly over a luscious little luncheon or a dainty dinner. So I am told, and my ignorance is not of the argumentative, bellicose kind. For instance, when, the other afternoon, I knocked against a pretty friend of mine—prettier than usual under a veil romantically thicker than usual—coming out of the Café Royal side-entrance, escorted by a good-looking Guardsman, I knew they had just come from a business luncheon—planning a tea-shop or a millinery salon in partnership perhaps—and the break-neck way in which she jumped into a passing taxi-cab showed business-like appreciation of the value of seconds! I wonder whether she saw me, and, if so, why she did not stop!

The Café Royal downstairs, if lacking the privacy of the rooms upstairs, is one of the most fascinating places in which to sip your absinthe and meet and watch there people who spring up into existence—the London life—at the eleventh hour. If a man from the provinces, and who had never come to London, were suddenly swiftly snatched from his bed and sat on the red velvet benches of the Café Royal between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, I do not think he would imagine himself in his own capital! It is difficult to guess where he would imagine himself to be. On his right would be an English lady in a low dress sipping a lemon-squash, and on his left a tweedy, Absalomian, anti-razor young man in a collarless flannel shirt, facing a vermouth and a sandwich. At the next table four Frenchmen are bending breathless. Their brow is Napoleonian, their eyes Mephistophelian, their lips Machiavellian, their fingers Shylockian! Sombre, desperate determination is darkening their countenance. They form a fearsome foursome of nihilists to the man from Manchester; but you and I know them for what they are—dominoes devotees! the stuff out of which fishermaniacs are made.

Here, lounging lugubriously, with limp legs abandoned under the table, hands deep in pockets, and eyes lost in the smoky vagueness, a poet ponders: "Why do liquids cost more than solids?" There a painter, surrounded by models with hair badly bleached and a worried and over-worked look, sits like a Pasha in reduced circumstances. Here a Greek merchant is reading a four-days-old newspaper

from Athens while sniffing at the strong English tobacco from his neighbours' pipes. Fancy smoking a pipe like a working man when one could be smoking Greek cigarettes as slim as a houri's fingers, as sweet as ambrosia, as perfumed as the honey from

Hymettus! Cigarettes such as he, Papa-angelodiamantopoulos, does sell! So does the merchant mumble.

Here and there is a sprinkling of white-shirted, impeccably clean Englishmen, who come to the Café Royal because it reminds them of Paris, which they think they know; they sit solitary over their whisky-and-soda, and amuse themselves in melancholy musings.

Here and there are a good number of well-fed and pale-pink Germans with hats just a little too small for heads just a little too big. They come to the Café Royal to escape from London, to meet one another, to drink beer together, and remark how much better, how much more "solid" everything is (and everybody) in the Vaterland.

And everywhere, swamping the rest—artists! Artists without nationality, without age, almost without sex—pretty, pale, effeminate ephebes, boyish-looking young women, childish-looking old men! Painters, musicians, poets, playwrights, journalists, sculptors, photographers, and intelligent idlers, their friends, companions, critics, foils, their Egerias of both sexes—their "dear Watsons."

There, at the Café Royal, the waiters understand all languages—and human nature. If Robinson Crusoe in his best islandish get-up were suddenly to appear and order a cocktail, neither Jules nor Wilhelm nor any of their colleagues would show the least surprise—or hurry!

The Café Royal is a meeting-ground for the muses, a refuge for the exiles, a home for hirsute and noctambulist Bohemia.

At half-past ten from north, west, east, and south of London, from Soho and St. John's Wood, from every studio within miles situated, they start—the brother-artists seeking the others' presence, the others' encouragement in the hour of despondency, the others' surprise at their success. They gather together in the further corner of the Café Royal, there to drink a little and dream much. They talk about and around themselves, for themselves, to themselves. What is the world if not just art and artists and the Café Royal? Their pose is simple, and their simplicity lovable. They try so hard to look the part—from their hats slouching with a vengeance to their trousers humpy at the knees!

Twelve o'clock and a graduated darkness; there is a general groping for hats (from those who still wear such things!) and sticks of the barky-tree-branch variety, and the *coterie* pours itself out into the pale yellowness of Regent Street.

"Coming to the Crab, old man?" and arm-in-arm, past the Monico, up Shaftesbury Avenue, and down into Greek Street, hair and nose in the wind, they go laughing, singing, talking, from the Café to the Club, there to end the night, the same clever crowd, a family of friends—artists all!



BOYISH-LOOKING YOUNG WOMEN, CHILDISH-LOOKING OLD MEN":
CAFÉ ROYAL TYPES.
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



IN "A HOME FOR HIRSUTE AND NOCTAMBULIST BOHEMIA": CAFÉ ROYAL TYPES.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

London by Night: No. III. The Café Royal.



ONE SEES A GOOD DEAL OF POSING IN THE CAFÉ ROYAL.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A SPORTING JOURNALIST: ANECDOTES FROM EVERYWHERE.

The Sporting Journalist.

There are few happier preparations for anecdote than that of the travelled racing expert. When Mr. Luckman was sixteen, his first three years of work were spent in helping an ancient publisher make little books of epigrams and epitaphs: success of the most solid respectability loomed ahead for our author, but, he adds, "there may be a moral in this book: how I missed it all. There was the love of distraction, which meant good living, and also the belief that I was pretty clever at cards and billiards; and, above all, that ever-increasing interest in racing." So off he went with curious gleanings from an office where "I can tell you, there were some assorted works, from Clarke's 'Commentaries on the Bible,' in six enormous volumes, Mosheim's 'Ecclesiastical History,' and such-like, to ready-reckoners and pocket-dictionaries."

Reminiscences of some flirtation with the Stage.

Then follows the stage. "Forbes Robertson and Herbert Tree—both Knights now, if you please. I knew them both from very early youth." He swopped stamps with the Robertson boys for unripe pears from their unkempt garden. "I can hear Norman and Ian rehearsing now," declares our author; but it was Johnstone, whose *métier* was to have been painting, who made them all sensible to a certain superiority of mind in him. Mr. Luckman thinks that Adelaide Neilson, "one of the most beautiful actresses who ever appeared on the stage," may have been responsible for his change of career. She encouraged the elder Robertson boy, and "what it must have meant to him—the smile of approbation from a lovely and talented woman!" Anyhow, we presently see Lewis Waller confiding to Mr. Luckman across a bar in Panton Street two days before Sir Johnstone made his first appearance in "Hamlet": "You will see the greatest Hamlet who ever appeared on any stage. He will be a living, breathing Prince of Denmark. You have imagined such in sleep, but have never quite seen it realised." Mr. Luckman himself had a walking part when Herbert Tree, so many years ago, played as an amateur

the double part of Polonius and the First Gravedigger, with Maud Branscombe—"the most-photographed beauty of the time"—as Ophelia. Indeed, recalling the keenness and vitality that has always characterised Tree, Mr. Luckman is surprised that any of his set escaped the profession. Its uncertainties restrained the author, who admits to preferring, with Mrs. Gamp, his "arf pint of porter brought reg'lar" rather than a series of brilliant or disastrous possibilities.

* "Sharps. Flats. Gamblers, and Race-Horses." By A. Dick Luckman. (London: Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.)

On a Newspaper In Australia.

This was likely enough the reason that, much as the sporting chance appealed to him, Mr. Luckman, on emigrating, as he presently did, to Australia, kept steadily in view advertising or journalistic work. One of the best chapters of his book treats of his first newspaper in Melbourne. He had been running a hoarding for enormous posters, which a gale completely smashed. While the storm demolished it, he and a pal drank rum. Its ruin was complete; "however, the rum made me think that it didn't matter a damn, and I'd think of something else the next day." That was his newspaper, his own absolutely—"it was to be 'Willies,' that little bundle of boodle when made." Was it the light, or what was it? Something was wrong with the paper when it came. "I could read the top-half better than the middle. . . . I couldn't decipher the bottom of the sheet at all. . . . the fount of long primer had run out, and they had to go on to minion, and finish up with ruby!" A dramatic curtain closed the adventure. A glare in the sky, the rush of the local fire-engine, a fall of corrugated iron roofing, with the minion, the ruby, and the rest fused beyond recognition.

An Occasional Day's Racing.

But the chief delights of living were the occasional day's racing, the daily wire to back something, and the card-party in the evening. Mr. George R. Sims did not refrain from the obvious pun on our author's name, and himself he believes healthily in his luck. In proof, there is the triumph of his "Spearmint: (Nap)" to the *Express*, with other thrilling coups. "The Scout," his *nom-de-guerre* in the *Express*, had been "Bobs" in the *New York Herald*. The great Bennett, when engaging him for that paper, had discussed the question, concluding: "Lord Roberts is in the public eye just at present more than anyone else; what do you think of 'Bobs'?" And "Bobs" it was.

The Happy-Go-Lucky Existence.

On the whole, Mr. Luckman's readers will rejoice



ENGAGED: PRINCE WILLIAM OF HOHENZOLLERN, FATHER-IN-LAW OF KING MANUEL, AND PRINCESS ADELGUNDE OF BAVARIA.

The engagement was announced the other day of Princess Adelgunde of Bavaria and Prince William of Hohenzollern. The bride-elect is the eldest daughter of King Ludwig of Bavaria, and is forty-three. The bridegroom is the head of the non-reigning house of Hohenzollern, and was born in March 1864. His wife died in 1909. His eldest daughter, Princess Augustina Victoria, is the wife of King Manuel

Photograph by Record Press.

that he missed that solid promotion under old Tegg, the compiler of epitaphs. We should never have heard that Toronto spells holiness, or how the last bottle of brandy got drunk on the *Scottish Prince*, or a crowd of other recitals, more amusing than epitaphs. Broke to a tenner Mr. Luckman might be, or even broke to the wide, but, whichever dimension he was up against, he never failed to draw his curtains in the morning, looking for a gleam behind the clouds. It is this fine courage of the true sportsman which makes him and his memories lovable things.

THE SONG THAT REACHED HER HEART !



THE FAIR FLOUNDERER: Oh, Archie, Archie, what *do* I do now?
THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY: Git aht an' git under!

DRAWN BY WILL HOUGHTON.



A Novel in a Nutshell

TWO MESSAGES.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

SAID the Scientist, leaning back against the wooden bench and watching the girl: "There are times when the busiest of us come to the end of a chapter. . . . You know all I've planned and hoped for—enough, if you were sufficiently unscrupulous, to ruin me." The girl smiled. "You've helped me more than I dreamed a woman could help a man."

"You've been very good," she murmured. "To a mere amanuensis—"

He scrutinised her profile.

"I've wondered lately whether you've been working too hard." She spoke of the weather, and of sleeping badly.

"I've known sleepless nights, too." A boyish smile lit his face. "Even when I've slept, I've had—dreams. I thought I'd moulded myself into a fairly reliable machine; but Nature, apparently, knew better. I've fallen in love. Will you marry me, Eleanor?"

Her startled eyes met his. The colour in her face deepened.

"Will you?" he repeated. "We've been—chums. I'd hoped that if there were no one else—"

"But there is," she said quickly. "Mr. Merrion asked me to marry him four days ago. We've attended the same classes at the institute; I understood that he had met you."

There was a perceptible pause before the Scientist spoke.

"Has your fiancé told you that he was once in my employment?"

"No. At least—"

"He is scarcely a man of whom I approve—"

An angry sparkle came into her eyes.

"Upon that point I am old enough to form my own judgment, Mr. Thane. . . . Mr. Merrion wishes me to marry him in the spring."

He glanced through the window: already there was a hint of blossom on the almond-tree by the laboratory wall.

"You had an inkling that I cared for you?"

She was silent. Thane became his formal, unemotional self.

"I can spare you almost at once. I should like to see you to-morrow, and perhaps you can pay me a flying visit afterwards. You will leave a gap that I cannot hope to fill, but such things are inevitable. Good-bye!"

When she had gone, Thane stood for a moment contemplating the new transmitter—a miracle in wireless telephony, complete and adequate in itself. There was but one other crude model which, in the moment of her first enthusiasm at his success, he had given the girl. Of the subsequent improvements which had quadrupled its value only he and she knew. He thought of Merrion.

"A scamp," he told himself. "He will never make her happy."

He crossed to a bureau, and from a drawer took a formal application for the arrest of Julius Merrion on a charge of misappropriating certain confidential papers, the property of John Thane.

"She is young," said the Scientist, "and she cares for him."

With a quick movement he tore the foolscap across and across, and flung the fragments into the fire.

A week later the girl came to say "good-bye." She was acutely nervous; Thane's mood was one of black pessimism. He had been out when she called, and the maid had shown her into the laboratory.

He took his cheque-book from the open bureau, filled in a cheque, and slipped it hastily into an envelope.

"Here," he said harshly, "is my wedding-present."

The cheque was for fifty pounds. She flushed and murmured her thanks.

"A girl friend and myself," she said, "sail to-night in the *Tutonic*. Mr. Merrion is travelling by the same boat. We are to be married when we reach New York."

"You have changed your plans—"

"It was his wish," she said.

"Then," said Thane, "there's nothing more to add. Good-bye!"

He waited some days, learnt that the *Tutonic* had duly reached port, and flung himself into his work again. But the memory of the girl haunted him persistently. He realised that a holiday was essential, and vegetated for a month in a remote Welsh village.

He came home thinner, browner, more irritable. The journey took him past the offices of the patent-agent who had his work in hand. Thane loathed business routine, but there had been a delay that demanded explanation.

"The fact is," said the agent, "your improvements aren't quite the first in the field—at any rate, so far as the States are concerned. You've been forestalled."

"By whom?" asked Thane, without visible emotion, though it meant the wreckage of his later work—the work in which Eleanor had had the chief share.

The agent took a telegram from his desk.

"Our New York representative sent this yesterday. The fellow's name is Merrion. He seems to have been in a deuce of a hurry. So far as I can gather, his improvements on the original transmitter are identical with yours. His patent covers the States and most of Europe."

"The fortunes of war!" said Thane, with a stiff smile, and escaped from the stuffy little office into the April brilliance of the London streets. He was warring with suspicions which were more than torture. He remembered that the details of the invention had been completed the evening before the girl left. She had seen them, but she could have had no time to commit them to memory. He hailed a passing taxi, drove to Waterloo, and from there caught a fast train to Surbiton.

He let himself into the laboratory and crossed to the bureau. The rough notes, he remembered, had been thrust into a pigeon-hole on the right. He had not touched them since.

The key snapped in the lock, the lid swung back. He peered in. The pigeon-hole was empty.

For weeks afterwards he was ill—seriously ill. "Overwork and nerves," diagnosed the doctor, and refused to entertain doubts as to his complete recovery. The doctor was, of course, only partially right; but men of thirty-five rarely die of broken hearts, and Thane did get better. By the beginning of September he was back in the laboratory again, and deep in other work. It was his emotional capacity rather than his brain-power which had suffered.

One night in late autumn he awoke suddenly. He slipped on a dressing-gown and crossed to the window. The day had been stormy, and the sky was filled with blurred stars and fragments of wind-blown clouds. He became aware that a bell was ringing persistently from the direction of the laboratory. He went down and entered. The sound came from the apparatus that stood, dusty and idle, on a corner bench. He lifted the receiver.

"Can you hear me?" The words came faintly—an elfin whisper penetrating from immense distances. "Can—you—hear—me? This is the 'Canobia,' New York to Liverpool. We have run into a derelict, and are going down by the head. There are boats enough for the women and children, but not for all the men. We are beyond the range of a wireless station. I am Merrion . . ."

To Thane, as he listened, the whole thing seemed a dream. He had no power to move or to reply. His hatred of Merrion, though he scarcely realised it, had grown until it had become the predominant emotion of his life. Presently the voice began again—

"The decks will soon be awash. There are some of us still on board. If you could get in touch with—" It died away, and then rose to a higher key. "It is impossible to send further messages. Hurry! . . . Hu—"

The instrument was silent. Thane dropped the receiver.

"I can do nothing," he told himself dully; "nothing." Yet he knew that if it had been the girl instead of Merrion—

The deadly apathy which had clogged his brain gave place to a great weariness. He dropped into a chair. Presently, glancing at the clock, he realised that he had been in the laboratory nearly two hours. The pale light of early morning was filtering through the crannies of the Venetian blinds. He stared at the familiar disarray about him. If there had been a time for action it had passed. He went to his room again, dressed, and left the house to wander aimlessly through fields and lanes as silent and deserted as the ocean itself.

It was broad daylight when he returned. He bought papers, but they told him nothing. The evening editions were no better. Another night came and went. He had no sleep. His brain worked ceaselessly. It was feverishly active, feverishly insistent upon the fact that he had merely dreamed, vividly and disturbingly.

The next morning a fluttering contents-bill on the railings opposite caught his eye—

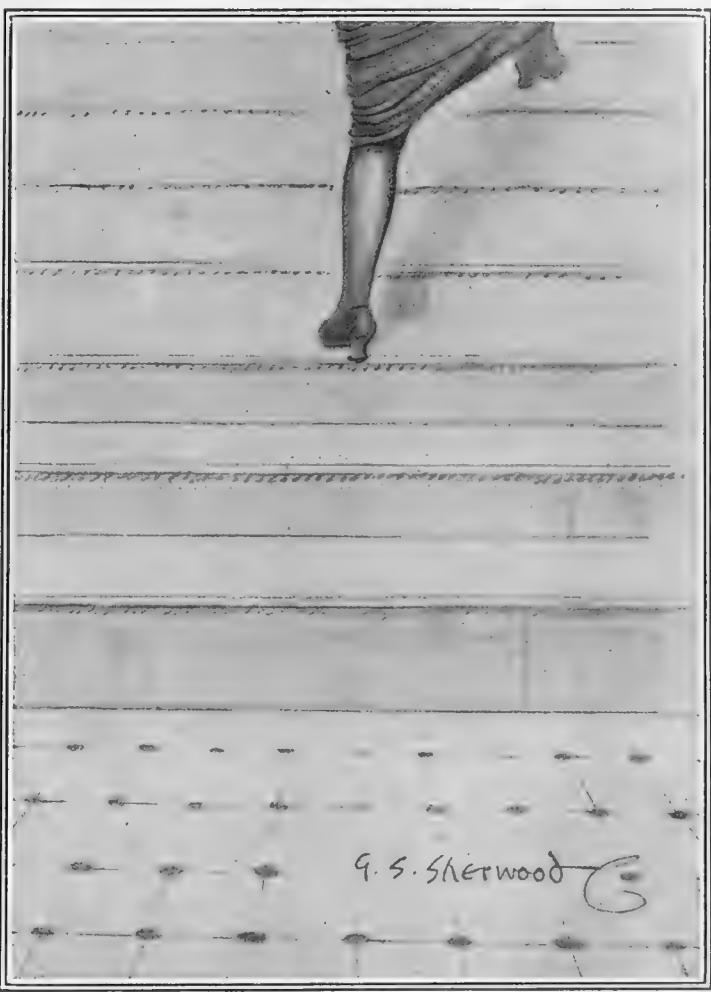
"WRECK OF THE CANOBIA."

Then Thane knew that his dream had been no dream at all.

Six months later his new invention came into being. It was a trivial thing—a preparation to prevent the formation of naphtha in gas-pipes—but it happened to be one of the rare discoveries whose immediate reward is a fortune. Thane, who cared little for money

[Continued overleaf.]

Lessons in Editing: How to Conduct an Illustrated Paper.



II.—HOW TO ILLUSTRATE THE ACTRESS: AVOID THE FACE (SO MANY HAVE BEEN SHOWN), AND PRESENT ANY OTHER OF THE LADIES' CHARMS IN FITTING SETTING.

DRAWINGS BY G. S. SHERWOOD.

beyond what he needed for his experiments, found himself a millionaire. He hired a capable, middle-aged secretary to distribute most of his income, and travelled, cheaply and unostentatiously, alone and no whither. He carried with him the weight of an unforgettable past. Of the seventeen hundred passengers on board the *Canobia*, all but five had been saved. Among the five were Merrion and "a lady"—Eleanor. That she should have been in danger never occurred to him. Merrion had not mentioned her. The boat in which, with the others, she had left the wreck had been found a week later floating bottom-upwards. And Thane had done nothing.

It was the merest chance which took him to the Île St. Quivart, remote and grey and minute. In the years preceding Waterloo a handful of prisoners had been quartered there; to-day the place is uninhabited, and the sea has made inroads which it is worth no one's while to repair. There are a few broken-down huts which are visited by rare and adventurous pleasure-parties in the summer, but the average tourist knows nothing of the place. If some day the island is swept out of existence, few will be the wiser.

Thane had been cruising in a small boat from point to point along the French coast, and purposed continuing the journey to the island. Vemelle, his boatman, cast a weatherwise eye heavenward and preached caution. Thane had challenged him with an extra hundred francs: Vemelle had a daughter in need of a *dot*, and fell. Thus it came about that the storm caught them ill-prepared, swirled them out to sea, and finally flung them contemptuously, in a smother of foam, on the sandy beach of their destination. Then, with a fine disregard for consequences, it proceeded to batter the boat to matchwood.

Both men were good swimmers. Together they fought the suck of the undertow, and together staggered up the sloping beach into comparative safety. There for a time they sprawled, watching the storm dissipate itself and regaining their breath.

Vemelle, a knotted giant of a man, was the first to rise to his feet. He shook himself, grunted, and went over to Thane, who was coughing salt water from his lungs.

"Your hundred francs should have been a thousand, M'sieu!"

"Call it a thousand, then," said Thane.

Vemelle stood staring at the horizon.

"We're marooned. It's now October, and the first pleasure-steamer does not call here until June."

"But your friends on the mainland?"

"I said nothing of taking out the boat. If you knew my wife, M'sieu, and my wife's fears, and my wife's tongue, you'd understand why."

Thane stood up. The movement gave him a glimpse of the nearest hut.

"There's shelter, at all events," he said.

"Shelter for fifty—and a witch for company!" said Vemelle sulkily.

"Witch?"

"A madwoman, if you prefer the word—a girl who carries a leather box, and talks to the sea-birds, and remembers nothing. She came from the mainland, seeking solitude, and the folk there believe that she raises storms when she will. Perhaps," said Vemelle, chuckling sourly at his own jest, "she may change a gull into a plate of hot soup for each of us."

A gust of spray drove coldly in their faces.

"Come!" said Thane.

Together, Vemelle with manifest reluctance, they moved towards the hut.

Thane had been walking with bent head, for the rocks were slippery. Hence the girl saw him first, and his eyes missed the miracle wrought by his coming—the memory of a re-awakened memory. He heard a cry and the sound of a fall, and in the narrow pathway almost stumbled over a lax body.

"The witch!" cried Vemelle, and lifted and carried her back into the hut.

"Eleanor!" said Thane, under his breath. A frightful dizziness assailed him, and for a space the island swayed about him.

Presently, recovering, he followed Vemelle. The sailor, having flung a jugful of water over the girl's face, had stolidly tramped to the spring for a further supply. Thane knelt and began mechanically to chafe her hands.

Her eyes opened.

"You remember—" he began, and left the sentence unfinished. "We have been cast here by the storm."

"Yes? . . . I have been here for some months. There was a ship which sank, slowly, slowly. . . . We watched it from a boat until afterwards we were picked up by the *Donna Teresa*."

"She was wrecked off the Brittany coast ten days after the *Canobia* founded."

She nodded.

"And only I, of the five who were taken from the small boat, was saved. I was very ill, but the people on the mainland were good to me, and gave me money when I left the hospital. The rest, until now, has been a blank."

"And now," said Thane, fighting his emotions, "we're castaways together. We'll have to wait until the next boat arrives—"

Vemelle, jug in hand, advanced.

"Sitting up, eh?" he said disgustedly, and set down the jug and

tramped out of sight to take off and wring out his soaked clothing.

There was a long silence.

"Why did you do it?" Thane asked in a low, level voice.

She did not pretend to misunderstand him.

"You believe that I took the notes dealing with your invention?"

"Yes" said Thane simply.

"Mr. Thane, you gave me them yourself."

He stared at her uncomprehendingly.

"They were in the envelope into which you slipped the cheque that was my wedding-present. I did not discover it until I showed it to him."

"But you did not return them."

"I could not. They were taken from me—by force." There was unspeakable shame and bitterness in her tones. "He was clever enough to know that he could use them and he did. He thought that I had other information—that I could tell him more. He would not believe that I came by the notes by accident. I tried many times to get them back, but failed. I left him at New York, thanking God that my eyes had been opened in time, but he persecuted me ceaselessly. When his patent became a success, his one fear was that I should go back to you and explain everything. That was why he followed me on the *Canobia* to England—why, at the last moment, he was able to secure the model you gave me and send the messages."

For a space the silence was broken only by the crash of the out-flowing tide.

"I—I did nothing," said Thane. "For that I can never forgive myself."

"I ask nothing but to forget," she said wearily, not knowing that his soul was filled with a bitterness greater than hers.

Vemelle came back to them. He had investigated the island with the single object of finding something to eat, and had met with poor success.

"M'sieu—the traveller and Mam'selle the Witch," he said, "it is my duty to report yet further disaster. The storm has swept away much sand on the southern side; also a hut, and certain wooden cases, containing, I think stores, that now float on the sea. There remain three days' rations at most—and I am hungry enough to eat ten!"

He moved away. The eyes of Thane and the girl met.

"It's a queer ending to it all," said Thane dreamily; "but, whether it means death or whether we're rescued, I know the truth. And that's all that matters."

A long silence fell between them.

"Tell me of your work, and of the laboratory at Surbiton," said the girl, with sudden irrelevance.

"It is nine months since I left it. Old Hepwhite is still in charge as caretaker."

"And the receiver?"

"It's there still—obsolete."

"Yet if the bell were to ring?"

"Oh, Hepwhite would attend to it. He was a wireless operator on one of the 'Dreadnoughts,' and understands such things."

She left him, but in a moment returned. She carried a leather-covered case. The hinges were corroded and broken, sea-air and sea-water had worked their will with the fittings. Yet Thane recognised it instantly.

"I have kept it always," she said simply. "Do you think—is it possible—?"

Thane bent over the model eagerly.

That night, old Hepwhite awoke to a strange, faint sound that came from the locked and dusty laboratory. He listened for a time, and then went down, switched on the light, and opened the door. With the receiver at his ear he could catch a hoarse whisper—a scarcely articulate murmur. And presently, marvelling, yet alive to the urgency of the messages, he was answering.

Day broke—in London, where the news, spread by Hepwhite, was thrilling a dozen incredulous newspaper offices; on the Île St. Quivart, where two men and a woman waited. Vemelle, vaguely comprehending that, by the exercise of supreme magic, the witch had summoned help, and that there would be no need to fall back upon raw fish and gulls' eggs, was making his first satisfying meal. Thane and the girl were standing at the door of the hut, gazing seaward.

"To-morrow," he said, "the ship will call here, and we shall be *en route* for civilisation again." He spoke, not because she failed to realise the fact, but because silence between them had become insupportable.

She nodded absently.

"What are your plans?" he asked.

"Work, I suppose. There are always niches to be filled, if one has the training."

"No," he said fiercely. "You're mine. I love you as I've always loved you. I need you to save me—to make forgetfulness possible. If I am to lose you again—!"

Turning, she saw that his face was transfigured with pain and longing. "Ah, my dear, my dear!" she whispered, and clung to him. "I—I care as much as you!"

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

H

THE FEATS OF FOOZLEUMS : VARDON'S FINE FORM : NINE "THREES" IN A ROUND.

Doings of the Period. You shall hear during these new days of August of the most amazing things done on links by the sea and on courses elsewhere at which golfers in the mood for great endeavour, and much of it, will assemble. Some of the stories shall be as veritable as the most real facts of life; others may not have the same fine quality. Little Foozleums shall return to his homestead and relate how he got a most prodigious number of 2's and 3's in one day at St. Andrews or

you played." Skill and effort always came out in the result just to the right extent. Now, he says; they don't, and sometimes you "get there" without having played the shot. If in this Vardon seems to be making excuses for himself, those who have followed his doings in recent times will have come to the conclusion that no excuses are needed, for it is difficult to believe that he has in the average ever shown better form than he has done since about a fortnight before he won his sixth championship at Prestwick. His long game has been quite perfect; and his putting, with one or two short periods of comparative failure, has been steady. Occasionally his performances have been most brilliant. The other day he was at Prestwick, near Manchester, and in a medal round over the recently extended course he did a 66 with nine 3's.

Seven 3's at Deal. I cannot recall any case in which more than nine 3's have been done in a round, but there are two or three on record in which so many have been had. Once, when he did a 66 at North Berwick, the course then being shorter than it is now, Ben Sayers had nine 3's; and Mr. Colin Aylmer had that number in one of his rounds in the Amateur Championship at Hoylake four years ago. I recall, too, that some four years ago Jack Rowe, the professional at Ashdown Forest, when playing over the Shembla Park course, at Feant, near Tunbridge Wells, had five 3's in succession. Strangely enough, just about the time that Vardon was doing this wonderful thing

in Lancashire I was down at Deal, and while I was engaged in getting anything but 3's, Mr. Douglas Grant, who was on the links at the same time, was gathering them with quite a Vardonian frequency. He had five in the first half of his round, and two more in the second; and I doubt if any man has ever had seven 3's in one round at Deal—a championship course—before. I have never heard of it. He began this round by dropping a stroke at



YET ANOTHER NEW GOLF COURSE! THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE BEACONSFIELD CLUB.
The Beaconsfield Club's course was formally opened a couple of weeks or so ago, although it had then been playable for some months. The links are excellent, over undulating country; with good natural, as well as artificial, hazards.—[Photograph by Topical.]

North Berwick, and how his driving was of that impressive variety which caused the other man to be playing his third shot before he himself had to make his second. Strange, indeed, it was how the new-found power deserted the player most inexplicably on the journey home, so that now Foozleums is in the first bunker from the tee almost every time. Cats might laugh at such stories, but lions should tremble at the narrative of the true things that are really done. The 1914 series of holiday wonders has begun. The lead is given by Harry Vardon, who in the year of his sixth championship is doing much to convince the last remaining sceptic that his position as chief golfer of this or any other time is absolute and unassailable. I remember that about the beginning of this century, when Vardon was at his very best, when, as he himself declares now, he played better golf than he has ever done before or since, he went about the country doing the most amazing things and treating the game on almost every course he played on as if it were really an amusement, and was not a thing to cause a grown man any thought or anxiety. Those were the days of 2's and 3's, and, as the great Harry said a little while since when we were talking over old times, he used then to be playing so much for the hole rather than the green in general with his second shots that he was having a reasonable putt for a 3 nearly every time.

Vardon's Fine Form. I am not entirely satisfied that Harry Vardon is really so much inferior now to

what he was in the old days as he himself seems to think. In the talk that we had he put the extent of this inferiority down at four strokes a round. That is very much. He said that the gutty-ball was so much more difficult to deal with in the play through the green, especially when it was not lying well, that one had to try more; and that, the rubber article being so much more amenable to the player's efforts, he has got out of the habit of trying so very hard, with the result that it is now harder to try. You see what he means. The game is taken a little more carelessly, and the player cannot help it. Then he said that in those old days you "always got what you might call your money's worth for the shot



CLUB GIRLS: CADDIES OF THE LE TOUQUET COURSE; AND THE CADDIE-MASTER.
As many golfers know, girls make excellent caddies and are frequently employed in this capacity, particularly on the Continent.—[Photograph by Topical.]

each of the first two holes, taking 5's, but for all that he finished in 73. This was very remarkable golf, but Mr. Grant is a man who is always doing something unusual—witness the fact that, when playing in the French Open Championship at Le Touquet the other day, he broke two clubs in one round, his shafts snapping each time at the tee-shots at short holes.

HENRY LEACH.



MR. G. P. HUNTLEY : CARPENTIER : THE PAVILION.

THERE is something about Mr. Huntley that makes his reappearance a thing of joyfulness. He has succeeded another fun-maker at the Coliseum, Mr. George Graves, and it is interesting to notice the difference in the methods employed by the two. Mr. Graves is glibly ready with his patter, while Mr. Huntley seems to be thinking more or less of what he is ultimately going to say. In his present piece, "A Burlington Arcadian," we are introduced to an empty shop into which a City gentleman makes his way and finds nobody to attend to him. In due time enters Mr. Huntley, who, after some preliminary chatter, informs him that he is the owner of the shop and proceeds to take the customer's order for a shirt. And then the fun begins. Mr. Huntley finds much trouble in detecting the precise location of the shirt, and, prior to bringing down a lot of boxes in sublime confusion to the floor, endeavours at intervals to induce the man from the City to purchase divers other articles, encrusting on to his suggestions a heap of diverse and devastating patter. And so it goes on, until finally a third person enters the place of business, who is taken no notice of at first, but who ultimately turns out to be the real shopkeeper, Mr. Huntley having by mistake entered upon premises which are not his. On this slight material Mr. Huntley builds really a very funny piece of character-sketching. His mode of diction alone moves the audience to laughter, and his curious mannerisms keep the house uproariously amused all the time. Slight though the plot of his little piece, he succeeds in making merry from start to finish, and doubtless as time goes on he will add to his mirth-making considerably. He is very ably assisted by Mr. George De Lara, who plays the part of the harassed customer; while the rôle of the owner of the shop is taken by Mr. Tom Tindall. Mr. Huntley has found a part which suits him admirably and will enable him to keep alive the laughter which is so justly his due.

Carpentier. The arrival of the great French boxer on the stage of the Empire was greeted by a full and enthusiastic house, and his engagement may be looked upon as a complete success. His appearance, truth to tell, is nothing of a novelty, for he has already graced the music-hall stage, but, coming on top

previous achievements and demonstrate the rights and wrongs of the real encounter would be inadvisable, if not impossible. Carpentier therefore contents himself with some indication of the manner in which he prepares himself for his fights, and gives a little illustration of his methods of fighting with an antagonist. He is a very capable showman, and goes through his work with a genial air that "goes down" wonderfully well, and leaves, as is desired, an impression on the mind of the spectator that he has rightly diagnosed the case which has been presented to him. This is exactly as it should be, and any attempt to go further would only result in the raising of wrangles and the promotion of heart-burning. Carpentier desires nothing of this kind, and his turn is entirely destitute of any attempt to prove anything. It just gives those who want to see him a chance of so doing, and it may be accounted a good move on the part of the Empire to have secured him.

"*At the Pav.*" I saw a stirring and well-played little one-act piece at the Pavilion last week. It was called "*The Truth About Mr. Watson*," and was the product of the pen of Mr. Harry M. Vernon, who has to his credit the writing of "*Mr. Wu*." In this we are introduced to a person calling himself Mr. Barker Watson, who is standing as Parliamentary candidate for some constituency in Australia. He rings up a newspaper office, and summons to his assistance a young man named Hewitt, who arrives, and to whom he puts forward his ingenious plan. But the young man very fiercely defies him and, covering him with his revolver, shows that he knows all his past, shows him that, under the name of Taylor, he has lured a young girl away from her home and treated her abominably, and that that girl was his, Hewitt's,

sister. Hewitt threatens to tell all this to the Australian public, and turns away to take his hat before departure. Immediately Watson seizes his pistol and fires, but Hewitt fires simultaneously, and with better aim, for the wrongdoer falls dead. Then does his assailant see to it that no suspicion shall fall upon himself. He carefully adjusts a line over the doorway, down which he slips a key, and then, everything being duly adjusted, he discriminately leaves, and the curtain falls amid loud applause. This little



THE PUBLICITY OF RETIREMENT : MME. ADELINE GENÉE, THE FAMOUS DANCER, MAKING HOLIDAY IN CORNWALL.



YET ANOTHER REVUE ! BEAUTIES OF "DORA'S DOZE," AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM.

Photograph by Campbell Gray.

of his latest triumph, it certainly drew a large crowd, and consequently fulfilled its purpose. Fortunately, I think, the prophecies as to what he would do proved faulty. He did nothing to show how he defeated his opponent at Olympia, and here he was wise. It is good to see prominent pugilists on the stage of the music-halls, for it gives many people an opportunity of seeing them who would otherwise not have a chance; but to make them illustrate their

sketch is played with all due force by Mr. Lewis Fielder, as Barker Watson, and by Mr. Ewan Brook, as Arthur Hewitt, who succeed in holding the house from start to finish. Mr. Ewan Brook, by his nervous tension, particularly achieves this desired effect; and the whole thing succeeds in gripping the audience. This being the desideratum, "*The Truth About Mr. Watson*" may go down as among the successes.

ROVER.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A CROSS-COUNTRY TRIAL : JOLTING THE JOURNALISTS : A MOTORIST'S HOTEL : ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Another Strenuous Trial.

The task of defining, in the precise and severe language of the Technical Department, the lurid incidents of that event is one which I will guarantee the officials concerned will not have found by any means welcome, and I am anticipating something in the way of a literary treat. As a matter of fact, it was a trial to which no mere official record could do justice, for a Club certificate could only adequately describe what happened to the car in the way of breakage or other contrempts, or the compulsory stops caused by sudden falls into unsuspected pits.

A Wild Ride.

importance than anything which befell the car. These were the hapless journalists who, in all innocence, had agreed to take turn-and-turn-about on the morning and afternoon runs of the Trial, which extended over four days. They had the time of their lives! Events have become pretty strenuous of late in the motoring world, what with the rigours of the Austrian Alpine Trial, Lord Fitzwilliam's bivouacking with the guns, and so on; but the Napier affair quite out-Heroded Herod. For the test, in a word, was over the roughest country that could be found, in order to ensure that the car should answer all Colonial requirements. We hear much of crossing sprouts in South Africa; the Napier was driven through numerous water-splashes accordingly. We hear, too, of dirt roads and sand tracks; the Napier went over these galore. But it did much more; it went over miles of virgin ground, and, in fact, was driven over the wild heather-clad moorland of Hankley Common, between Elstead and Frensham, in Surrey. The car simply plunged into the trackless heather and went, at times at five-and-twenty miles an hour, from bump to bump, and up and down giddy precipices until the luckless journalists were left gasping for breath, bruised all over, and thankful to escape without broken bones. Twice, I may add, the car fell into a deep hole.

A Supreme Test. There has been nothing like it in the whole history of motoring. As a test of the car it was supreme. One and all, we marvelled that the Napier survived the ordeal; one and all, we wondered what we had done to deserve such awful treatment. Continuous use on Colonial roads may find out the weak spots of this or any other car, but no Colonial roads, I am convinced, can offer such concentrated horrors over a given period, for the obvious reason that the very passengers would not put up with the discomforts of the journey. The rear seats should have been filled with ballast, not human freight, and the wonderful leaps which the car made from hillock to hillock should have been surveyed by the Press from without, not experienced so painfully

from within. We can very feelingly commend the Napier—only too feelingly—to Colonial motorists as the staunchest thing on wheels, and are full of admiration for the wonders it performed; but we should certainly have preferred to gain our knowledge in less heroic fashion, and one which would not have entailed so much subsequent profit to our doctors, our chemists, and our tailors.

A Welcome Discovery.

The trial did one good thing, however. It introduced us to the Frensham Pond Hotel as it is now that it has been taken over by Mrs. Bridges. It is elegantly furnished from top to bottom, the cooking is of the best, and I may safely say that there is not an hotel of its size from John o' Groat's to Land's End which can boast a better *ménage*. It is a veritable country house in miniature, and is certain to induce still more motorists to make renewed pilgrimages to one of the most charming spots in Surrey, among heather-clad hills, delightfully remote from the busy world and reached by the finest imaginable roads.

Three Announcements.

A good car does not always get its deserts, and the excellences of the Armstrong-Whitworth have for some time past only been known to a comparative few, especially in the South of England. Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., however, of Elswick, now write to say that they have placed the sole selling arrangements for the car in London and the South in the hands of Mr. Charles Jarrott. By this time no one should be better able to



MOVING LITERATURE! AN AUTOMOBILE LIBRARY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Here is, very literally, a circulating library, a motor, specially fitted to hold books, which travels over a certain district in the United States for the benefit of subscribers.

recognise a good thing than the hero of many classic contests, and as a matter of fact it was the performance of the 20-30-h.p. Armstrong-Whitworth in the Austrian Alpine Trial that led Mr. Jarrott to make a definite offer for the famous Northern firm's South-country business. — American manufacturers, as a rule, strike out a line of their own rather than adopt European ideas. All the more pleasing, therefore, to the Dunlop Company is the fact that their well-known detachable wheel has been chosen, after considerable experiment, as an adjunct to the Packard cars. The Packard is one of the most famous, if not the most famous, of high-class American products, and the decision of the Detroit firm may be looked upon as a handsome tribute to the simplicity and security of the Dunlop locking mechanism. — A few days ago Mr. Edwin Prosser, of Birmingham, had occasion to visit the Austin Motor Works in connection with his engine, and he decided to pay the call by aeroplane. Mr. Prosser piloted his own biplane from the Midland capital to Northfield with the utmost success, making a fine descent into a field adjoining the Austin Works. This is believed to be the first occasion on which an aeroplane has been used to make a business visit, at any rate to a manufacturing firm, either in this country or elsewhere.



LORD KITCHENER takes a certain pleasure in mystifying the uninitiated by casual references to the time when he fought side by side with the present King of Servia. Nine men out of ten in the War Office don't know, or have forgotten, the when and where of that strange comradeship. It happened in the Franco-



A NEW PEER AND PEERESS: LORD AND LADY BELPER.

The second Baron Belper died last week, and was succeeded by his son, the Hon. Algernon Henry Strutt. The new Lord Belper was born on May 6, 1883; was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and is a Captain in the 2nd Life Guards. In 1911, he married the Hon. Eva Isabel Marian Bruce, daughter of the second Baron Aberdare.—[Photographs by Val l'Estrange.]

German War; both young men gave their services to the French Foreign Legion, and both have their medals. But Kitchener's ambition soared too high: he caught pneumonia during a balloon ascent; and King Peter had the advantage of seeing the fight to an end.

The King's English.

It was the first time that Kitchener heard the whistle of bullets, and the only time he was ever on the losing side. It was, too, the King of Servia's baptism of fire. Even in those days, by the way, King Peter talked English well. It happens that Sir Edward Grey's conciliatory tongue is familiar to all the rulers concerned in the present European difficulty, and King Peter is certainly just as fluent in the use of our language (though with an accent) as Lord Kitchener ever was or ever will be. The Kaiser's English is very wide in range, and King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is hardly less well equipped. But the curious thing is that King Nicholas, who rules over a remote little race of herdsmen, is the most proficient of them all.

Palace Precautions. The last of the State Balls went off without disturbance, but not without those little extra precautions that are apt to make people very ill at ease. It is the rule that when the company lines up to see the entry and departure

of the royal party the ladies go to the front. They duly did so the other day, and awaited the procession in the belief that they would have an uninterrupted view of the King and Queen, but just at the last moment all the Household gentlemen and a number more besides moved forward and lined the route. This meant that they had to ask the ladies to stand back, with the manners of policemen rather than of courtiers. One masterful young lady from the Colonies goes home with a twofold resentment — one directed against Mrs. Pankhurst, for whom, as she says, she is punished; the other against a young Englishman in knee-breeches who took her place and "trod on her toes."

Their Graces and Races.

The statement that the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk would entertain a party at Arundel for Goodwood was published without authority. The assumption that nobody could live alongside Goodwood and resist the races was, no doubt, a very natural one. But the Duke has always been profoundly bored on the course, and the Duchess has lost the little zest she ever had for public amusements. Moreover, sports in Sussex and tragedies in Ireland and elsewhere are not altogether on nodding terms in the Duke's mind. No musician, he enjoys listening to the last remaining barrel-organs in London; but he draws the line at Nero's fiddle. Very discordant to him is the cheering for Cartpentier or a Goodwood



WITH HER HUSBAND'S PRIZE WIRE FOX-TERRIER, "DRAYTON NO LORD": LADY SAVORY.

Lady Savory is the wife of Sir William Borradale Savory, the third Baronet. Before her marriage, which took place in 1907, she was known as Miss Argemone Margaret Carruthers Johnstone; and she is the daughter of the late Carruthers Charles Johnstone.

Photograph by Sport and General.

winner here, and the roar of artillery or the thud of the rifle-bullet there. So the gaieties of West Sussex were left this year to the Duke of Richmond himself, and to his neighbour Lord Leconfield at Petworth House.

At the Savoy. Lord Wimborne's supper and dance at the Savoy was without doubt the festive feature of the departing season. For once he was rid of considerations of "form," and no Selection Committee had an eye on his invitations. Though most first-class polo-players turned up, there were, besides, a crowd of people who made no pretensions to the game, but who were quite ready to celebrate Lord Wimborne's triumph and drink polo-cup (the generic term of the evening for any liquid) in his honour. Americans were present in great force, and the evening went with a swing. Impromptu parties of the sort are common in New York, for on the other side, whenever there is a great concourse of people round a field or at a wedding, some man or woman seizes the opportunity of whipping in an hotel-full of guests for the same night or the next. Such informal parties have a "dash" and "vim" to which no elaborately organised entertainment can aspire. Though Lord Wimborne's party was made up with a little more time to spare, the Hurlingham and Ranclagh crowds provided him with a ready-made group of congenial spirits.



GEE-WHIZZING AT THE PINK CITY, SHEPHERD'S BUSH: PRINCESSES VICTORIA AND HELENA OF TECK, DAUGHTERS OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK, ENJOYING A SIDE-SHOW.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**"The Canny Scot
and
His Landscape."**

Motoring over the moors and mountains yesterday there was abundant evidence of grouse. Patches of pinkish bell-heather gladdened the eye here and there on these wide and majestic uplands; in a week the moor-side will be wine-coloured, and the grouse will have their fill before they are cut down in their prime and served to us with fried breadcrumb. It is good to be in

Scotland before "the guns begin to go off"—like surveying some peaceful agricultural country in which the inhabitants may soon be ruthlessly massacred. There is a singular air of peace hanging over these lonely straths and ridges of brown moor. Although tourist-ridden to an extraordinary degree, the Scots have managed, very cleverly, to retain the dignity and reserve of their solitary places. In Germany or Austria these pine-woods would contain restaurants, with waiters and mugs of beer. There would be seats and sign-posts with pointing hands, and every few hundred yards a paternal Government would inform you of the exact height above sea-level on which you are standing. There would be "Aus-sicht" on the tops of mountains called "Wilhelmsruhe," or some such sentimental name, and everywhere the odious guide would importune you to make use of his services. The Scot, apparently, is quite detached in his attitude towards you. Even in the best hotels in the Highlands a local waiter treats you with small deference, mixed with a suspicion of contempt—as who should say: "You poor motoring Saxon, arriving dishevelled and unkempt, I will throw you a bone, but do not expect me to treat you as an equal. You come, in July, August, and September, in your thousands, and you are all precisely alike. Here is the bill-of-fare—choose what you will. I care not."

The American in Scotland.

At Braemar all looked spruced-up and perky for the season of shooters and tourists, and a few Americans had already arrived, swallows of the oncoming summer, great patronisers of the picture postcard and purchasers of vague objects clothed in plaid. Person-

millionaire will buy up the whole of the Highlands, and, enclosing it, will make of it a Yellowstone Park for this island, with castles carefully preserved, as well as deer and grouse. "Quel pays—quel climat!" Prosper Merimée used to wail to his *Inconnue*, and yet he never failed to pay an annual visit to the moors. The American does not grumble at the weather, even when the heavens descend and soaks her through and through. She looks upon it as "local colour," and rejoices exceedingly at her good fortune in being drenched under Scottish skies.

Sport and the Girl.

There is no doubt that the modern girl is taking very kindly to shooting, and that many of the pretty young creatures now assembling in surrounding houses, castles, and manses will be out on the sacred "Twelfth" in singularly workmanlike clothes and carrying light guns. Young Scotswomen whose fathers have "places" in the Highlands seem to learn as naturally as girls in England follow the hounds in like circumstances. They are not necessarily mannish or hoydenish, for one or two of the most feminine young maidens I know are adepts at shouldering a gun. But they are usually the sort who are brought up on sports and games of all kinds, and who are not happy if they have to stay indoors for half an hour. We are breeding another race of females to those of the last generation, and one may be permitted to wonder how these sportswomen will bring up their girls in their turn. Will all pernickety "accomplishments" go by the board, and will reading—and, in consequence, thinking—go completely out of fashion? We have yet to find the real Woman—that mixture of charm and sympathy, of good taste and good sense, of courage, vitality and intelligence which we would fain evolve.

Following the Strawberries.

Amateurs of strawberries can get four or five "seasons" by carefully following this Machiavellian plan. You first get your hothouse fruit at the houses of plutocrats in London; and this "season," if I remember right, though spasmodic, begins about April. Then, in June, comes the out-door Hampshire fruit, which is hard to beat at its best. In July, you can betake yourself to the uplands of Hindhead, and there partake of yet another crop; and after that you can go to our own North-country, where, lo! the festive strawberry awaits you. Hurrying on to Scotland, be sure that a fresh and exquisitely flavoured berry is awaiting you. And if you happen to be in South Germany or Bohemia in August, there will be tart, but attractive, wild strawberry piled up in heaps before you. I once had the good fortune to see three springs in succession—one in North Africa, one in England, and the last in Norway. It was a unique experience, but many people would prefer the material delights of six separate strawberry seasons.



SUITABLE FOR THE SEASIDE :
A SMART WHITE - CLOTH COSTUME.

A white-cloth costume, suitable for a fashionable watering-place. The skirt has a three-decker tunic, and the coatee, trimmed with white braid, buttons, and ornaments, opens over a white-muslin blouse. The wide belt is made of the material of the dress.

ally, I am not attracted to paper-knives, hand-bags, or blotting-books of a shouting red-and-green tartan; but these things—as well as that homely heather which can be picked, I believe, on Wimbledon Common, and certainly in abundance at Hindhead—have a semi-pictorial interest for our visitors from the United States. They will not believe that heather grows anywhere but north of the Tweed, and countless sprigs cross the Atlantic by penny post, and are treasured in scrap-books from Los Angeles to New York, and from Chicago to New Orleans. And if you wish to revive your admiration for Scotland, you should set out on your journey with a car full of American women. I do not know whether Caledonia stern and wild appeals to American men-folk (they seem more interested in the national drink than in the scenery), but nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the American woman. I see dim visions of a time when some multi-multi Scottish-American



WORN WITHOUT SLEEVES : THE LATEST FASHION IN COATS.

This design shows the new sleeveless coat. The costume is carried out in nutmeg-coloured cloth, while the lining of the tunic is of plaid, in colours of red, green, blue, and yellow.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 11.

DARK DAYS.

LAST week we headed these notes "A Painful Pay-Day," but we little dreamed how painful it would actually be. The war-clouds became darker and darker over the week-end; Germany's refusal to fall in with Sir Edward Grey's proposals created a very bad impression; and finally, after business hours on Tuesday came the official declaration of war between Austria and Servia. There is no need for us to emphasise the possibilities of the situation in this column.

Small depositors in Germany began to withdraw their money, and all the foreign banks took steps to call in their loans. The Continental Bourses were demoralised, and either closed their doors or refused to deal. The result of all this was a flood of selling orders in London. Dealers marked prices down in self-defence, and every decline brought out stock, the forced sale of which further aggravated the position. The Stock Exchange stood it for a time, but there is a limit to all things. Sellers exceeded buyers to such an extent that markets reached a state of saturation, and on Wednesday free dealings practically ceased. Prices were purely nominal in every department.

Trouble was expected at the settlement, and this expectation was fulfilled. Eleven failures in two days, and other firms admittedly tottering, is a disastrous record, and financial difficulties are likely to be quite as serious a factor in the near future of the markets as political ones.

What the morrow holds in store for us, who shall say? By the time these notes appear the position will in all probability have radically altered. Events move fast in a crisis. But even if we take the most optimistic view—namely, that no move is made by any nation outside the two at present concerned—we fear the next few weeks will be very trying ones. War in Europe, even when "localised," is very like a naked flame in a powder-magazine.

THE PROBLEM.

The House-Haunter last week propounded a query—which he carefully explained was purely academical—What shall we do with our money? We imagine that very few people have much doubt as to the answer at the moment; and the question of what shall we do with our investments is occupying far more attention. Curiously enough, it is hardly one for a City Editor. We can prophesy no better than anyone else on the future of European politics, and this must be the one dominant factor for the present. If Europe becomes involved in a general war, there can be no shadow of doubt that the man who sells to-day will be able to congratulate himself. But in no other event will he, we think, be able to do so.

On the whole, we are of opinion that investors should sit tight and refuse to part with their stock in the present demoralised state of markets. It is hardly necessary to point out the dangers of speculation under existing circumstances, as they are self-evident, whether the operation be for the rise or the fall. When fluctuations are as rapid and as erratic as at present, it is impossible for the public to act quickly enough. The ability to cut a loss is the speculator's great safeguard, and to-day no such ability exists for anyone outside dealers on the floor of the House.

HOME RAILS.

A number of Home Railways have announced their interim dividends during the last week, but they have attracted comparatively little attention owing to the general conditions prevailing. On the whole, they have been fully up to expectations; and, moreover, the detailed figures, wherever available, are even more reassuring than the actual distribution. Increased working costs have been the market's bugbear, but such fears seem to have been exaggerated.

In the case of the Midland Company, working expenses and provision for reserves increased by only £1000 during the six months, and the Great Eastern managed to confine its increase to the same comparatively trifling sum. The London and South-Western working expenses advanced by about £18,000, against an increase in revenue of £21,000. Although no figures are given, the Lancashire and Yorkshire expenses have clearly been kept within moderate bounds, as a decrease of £95,000 in published traffics has necessitated a cut in the sum distributed as dividend of only £47,000. The Brighton Company has not been so successful as the others mentioned, some £13,000 less being paid away to the shareholders, in spite of a small increase in traffics.

It is thus pretty clear that the increased rates for goods and the fresh economies effected have gone a very long way towards offsetting the heavier demands of labour. This fact, when investors have the time to consider it, must favourably affect prices all through the list, and confirms us in our good opinion of the prospects for this section. It seems a great pity, however, that the Boards of some of the Companies persist in their refusal to publish any figures of earnings and expenses, but we think in a very few years all will come into line.

WATNEY, COMBE, REID AND CO.

The Brewing trade, as we have pointed out before, has shown a marked improvement of late, and the report for the past year of this Company, which is one of the largest in Great Britain, is eminently satisfactory.

The trading profit amounted to £662,500, against £585,000 a year ago, and the increase in the net profit at £223,600 is even more marked, amounting to no less than 32 per cent.

The dividend on the 4 per cent. Preferred Ordinary is raised from 1 to 3½ per cent. for the year, which is the best return this stock has received since 1908.

The Company labours, of course, under a burden of over-capitalisation, but is steadily improving its position.

The special reserve account for the redemption of capital stands at £93,000; £190,000 Debenture and First Preference stock has been redeemed by purchase, with a corresponding saving in annual interest, so it is hardly surprising that quotations for all the various classes of the Company's capital are appreciably higher than was the case twelve months ago.

The outlook for the trade continues favourable: the reports of the hops are satisfactory, and a little more rain will ensure an excellent barley crop. The Brewery is busy—so busy, in fact, that in some cases holidays have been curtailed, so we think results should continue to prove satisfactory from the shareholders' point of view.

HERE AND THERE.

We hope to publish the further notes from our correspondent "Q" on New Modderfontein and City Deep in the course of the next week or two. They are far more likely to prove of interest to our readers later on than in the present uncertain condition of the markets.

* * * * *

We have more than once recommended the 6 per cent. Mortgage Cédulas of the Argentine National Mortgage Bank as an attractive South American investment. For a long time they stood a few points under par; but, owing to the scarcity of money, the price has declined considerably, and the last price we have heard was about 86. At this figure the yield is about 7½ per cent., which is exceptionally high when it is remembered that the Cédulas carry the guarantee of the Argentine Government.

* * * * *

The output of the Spies Company has taken a sudden jump, and it now takes first place among the Russian producers. Its output for last week was over 8700 tons. This brings the total to date up to 125,000 tons, against 128,000 for the same period of last year. The South Baskakoff plot is responsible for the sudden increase, one well producing at the rate of 80,000 poods a day. Provided there is no recurrence of water troubles, the outlook for the Company is promising.

Friday, July 31, 1914.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. N.—Many thanks for your letter. We will do our best to fall in with your suggestion in a week or two.

"AGE" (Newcastle).—It is most difficult to advise. See this week's Notes. In normal times we should say sell Nos. 5 and 7, and hold the rest; but we think you had better wait for the present.

SIGMA (Milan).—Certainly hold them, as they are all first-class securities, and your interest is safe.

M. B. S.—(1) Quite good; (2) and (3) we think you would be wise to exchange these, and be satisfied with a lower yield. If they were "quite safe," the bankers and financial houses would not let them stand at the present figure.

BATH.—The shares referred to are quoted as Modderfontein.

MUSICUS (India).—(1) All your stocks are quite sound, and we do not advise you to change any of them. (2) We do not think there is any danger, as you could claim in the case of a failure, and the bank would make good if they were lost or stolen. (3) Income-tax is deducted in both cases, and the par value of the Russian Bonds is not exactly 100—it is £99 5s., to be exact. This explains the variation in the net yield.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Chances and Changes.

The unsettlement of internal and international affairs has kept the King at Buckingham Palace longer than for many years. Happily, his Majesty is in excellent health, and is bearing his anxieties as a brave and patient man, hoping and working all he knows that the worst may be averted at home and abroad. The Queen, although her Majesty never interferes in things of State, or talks of them, is always near the King at times of stress, and is sympathetic with him, and careful that no small and preventable worries shall reach him. Of course, Goodwood opened in disappointment, for it is usually an occasion on which the King thoroughly enjoys himself, and mixes quite freely and genially with his friends. The crises have had one curious result in house parties : the supply of morning papers has had to be greatly increased, for every guest made request for one at the earliest possible moment !

The Joy of Outdoor Life. The Season over, people are looking forward to life in their grounds and gardens. Of late years gardens have become a cult with their owners, and much of their old-world charm has been restored to them, and given to those that had it not. Specialists in garden



FOR THE GARDEN: A SEMICIRCULAR STONE GARDEN-SEAT.

Our illustration shows a very fine example of a stone garden-seat, made by Messrs. White, of Bedford. Further details of their garden furniture appear elsewhere on this page.

ornament have had a large share in making this outdoor beauty for us. John P. White and Sons, the Pyghtle Works, Bedford, with Show-rooms at 123, New Bond Street, by their delightful designs in bird ornaments and garden ornaments, and by their fine work in marble, stone, and lead, have lent to our gardens wonderful charm and grace. Their bird-baths must be seen to be appreciated. One, in lead, with a bird at each corner, is delightful, and, cast in one piece, with shaped sides, 24 in. square, costs only £5. More ambitious, and really beautiful, are those called the Pipes of Pan : the little Nature god sitting on a tree-stump piping to the birds. These are in Carrara marble. A very charming bath is of Horn-ton or Portland stone, with a modelled figure of a boy cast in lead ; the bath is 3 ft. 6 in. in diameter, and the raised rock, on which the figure is posed, is part of the bath, and is carved with fern-leaves. The price, complete, is eighteen guineas. Pigeon-cotes and aviaries are also specialties with this firm of world-wide reputation. As to wall-fountain masks, fountain groups, stone balustrades, paving, garden figures, stone vases empty or filled with fruit, stone baskets, iron gates with vases on the pillars, garden-seats in stone, sundials, garden-houses in oak and elm, pergolas, arches, temples, garden-seats, chairs and tables in oak, teak or painted wood, they are in great variety and wonderful beauty, and will well repay a visit by garden-lovers, either at the Pyghtle Works, Bedford, or at the New Bond Street Show-rooms.

The Beverage of England Past and Present. There are many wise people of to-day who believe that to their constant drinking of cider they owe keeping themselves absolutely free from gout, rheumatism, and all their kindred and most distressing ailments. They have scientific basis for their belief, and if any doubt it let them put it to the proof and drink Whiteway's famous cider for three months. It is a pure cider, made not only

from the juice of the apple, but from the juice of English apples. In the list for this year there is a splendid article on these absolutely guaranteed pure ciders, and on their value in health and sickness. The Whimple and district apple crop last year was an exceptionally fine one. The booklet will be sent on application to Pomona House, Albert Embankment, London, and will be found of interest in many directions.

Kill That Fly.

This is not a revue, but a piece of sensible practical advice.

There is merit in killing and slaying when the victims are flies, for they are responsible for very painful killing and slaying of our race, being industrious purveyors of malignant germs. For getting rid of these pests nothing is so efficacious as Jeyes' Fluid. A solution of it sprayed in dark corners and crevices destroys the larvae of flies before they are developed. All manure-heaps, sinks, drains, and lavatories should be disinfected with it, and a few drops should be added to the water for cleansing utensils and washing floors. Flies hate Jeyes Fluid, and will not come near any place where it is used. It is by no means unpleasant to humanity, and is an invaluable thing in any household.



FOR YACHTSMEN IN THE FAR EAST: THE ROYAL BOMBAY AND NAINI TAL INTER-CLUB CHALLENGE CUP.

The trophy shown in our illustration is the prize in the bi-annual series of matches between the Royal Bombay and Naini Tal Yacht Clubs, and has been presented by Sir James Meston, Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, and by the Royal Bombay Yacht Club. It was designed by Major C. W. Carey, Vice-Commodore of the N.T.Y.C., and was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.

Moving Houses. This refers, not to a flit from house to house, but to facilities for taking some at least of our housing accommodation with us wherever we go. Garden-houses, beach-houses, motor-houses, poultry-houses, potting-sheds, work-shops, children's dens, billiard-rooms—all are desirable to people from time to time. They must, to be satisfactory, be made of really reliable materials—be weather-proof and strong. To purchase them from such a firm as Browne and Lilley, the world-famous specialists of Guildford, is to secure these attributes. Their beach-huts are well known and much appreciated on many



REJUVENATING A FAMOUS SEASIDE HOTEL: THE LOUNGE AT THE CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARGATE.

Considerable structural and other improvements have just been completed at the Cliftonville Hotel. One of the most notable of these changes is the extension of the old lounge, which faces the sea, and the redecoration of the new, or inner, lounge, which was built three years ago.—[Photograph by Bedford Lemere.]

a pretty spot on our coast. The firm are skilled and experienced specialists and exporters of motor-houses, bungalows, summer-houses, garden-rooms, glass-houses, and every requisite for poultry-farmers.

LONDON'S OPERA SEASONS.

NOW that the opera-houses have closed their doors it is possible in a final survey to consider their respective achievements, the promise of the future, and the general direction of what is known facetiously as the public taste.

Covent Garden can boast eighty-six performances; the season there entered its fifteenth week. Verdi, Wagner, and Puccini have been the chief supports of the house: they have divided sixty of the eighty-six nights between them—a remarkable achievement. "L'Amore dei Tre Re" and "Francesca da Rimini" called for half-a-dozen representations, and the remaining twenty went to Mozart (five), Charpentier (five), Saint-Saëns (four), Boïto (three), Debussy (two), and a gala performance. It will be seen from this that Covent Garden retains its conservative tradition, and that, all things considered, the public approves. Individual performances count for as much as ever; and if the quality is not constant, deterioration is not readily noticed. Of the old favourites, Caruso did best. His voice, though it is changing its *timbre* and developing the baritone quality, remains unrivalled. Melba, on the other hand, only opened the season well, and did not fulfil the early promise. Destinn's voice is curiously uneven; the difference between the quality of upper and middle notes is surprising. Martinelli did extremely well; he had many nights of triumph—so, too, had McCormack. Mesdames Kirkby Lunn and Edvina were not heard at their best. Scotti's voice is beginning to show signs of wearing, but he is such a splendid artist that if his voice were less than it is he could not be spared. His Scarpia, Don Giovanni, Falstaff, to take a few rôles at random, are really distinguished; there is nobody at Covent Garden who can act so well. Signor Gorgio Polacco has conducted the music of Verdi and Puccini very finely, and has been less pleasing when in control of Mozart and Debussy. He has been very seriously overworked; to conduct night after night and to rehearse day after day through the heat of the London summer must be a severe trial, and one not lightly to be endured. Signor Panizza has been as safe and as sure as ever; his direction of "Francesca da Rimini" was admirable, and should help to secure further hearing for a delightful work.

It cannot be doubted that Covent Garden has suffered from the competition of Drury Lane, though there were nights when it would have been hard to find room in either house; and, as Sir Joseph Beecham has already announced his return to the arena in 1915, the trouble will need to be faced. It is said that some of the old favourites are to be re-dressed and re-mounted, and that a Mozart Festival will be associated with next summer's season. All this is

excellent: one would hesitate to believe it is enough. In face of spirited opposition, Covent Garden seems to need more than a furbishing of the old armoury. New operas and new singers will be called to play their part. At present the Syndicate puts forward certain work and certain singers who are living largely on their past. On nights when old operas are sung by veterans there is often a certain listlessness, people are hardly interested, the close of the penultimate act is the prelude to an exodus. The impression that an evening of this kind leaves upon those who take part in it is unfortunate. In short, the time has come when the Covent Garden authorities must make a big effort to face the new conditions that have arisen. There are thousands of friends of the house who look to the Grand Opera Syndicate to assert itself.

Drury Lane's season, from whatever point regarded, has been remarkable. The appeal has been a double one—Grand Opera and ballet in combination, each attracting people who are genuinely interested. That this comparatively new organisation should have perfected arrangements within two seasons and should have been able to carry the original programme without altering a date is probably a record. The season has not been a long one—it opened on May 20 and ended on July 25—but the rule of full houses has found no exceptions. Half-a-dozen performances of "Der Rosenkavalier" preluded revivals of familiar operas like "Boris Godounov," "Ivan," and "Khovantchina," and the production of new works like "Igor," "Coq d'Or," "Nuit de Mai," and "Rossignol," that took the town. If they were not all equally good, they were at least equally attractive, and the new ballets did not fail to please. Indeed, it seemed at times as though whatever the management chose to put on would be safe to please, that nothing could go wrong. In the case of the German operas, some of the singing was remarkably fine. Mesdames Claire Dux, Frieda Hempel, Charlotte Uhr, and Margaret Siems were heard to great advantage; the Russian company held no singers of finer calibre, and few indeed who could challenge comparison with them. Chaliapine, great artist though he be, is no longer the singer all Europe desired to hear. His gifts as an actor have carried the day—or the night—time and again, and it is announced that he has been engaged for another season.

Mr. Thomas Beecham has proved himself a great conductor of Mozart: his direction of "Die Zauberflöte," for example, was something to remember. He has also directed some of the ballets with great skill; it was whispered that he mastered the score of "Petrouchka" in forty-eight hours in order to enable the original programme, threatened by the sudden return to Paris of M. Monteux, to be preserved intact. In short, Drury Lane under the Beecham régime has made operatic history.

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Goodwood; Sea-Women; Sea-Bathing is now in Season; Miss Elsie Janis; The Belle of the Beach; The Belle of the Ball; Bathing and Diving Belles; The Foreign Siren Season; The English Siren Season; The Race of the "Sea-Birds."

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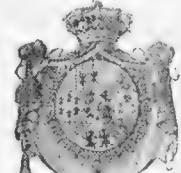
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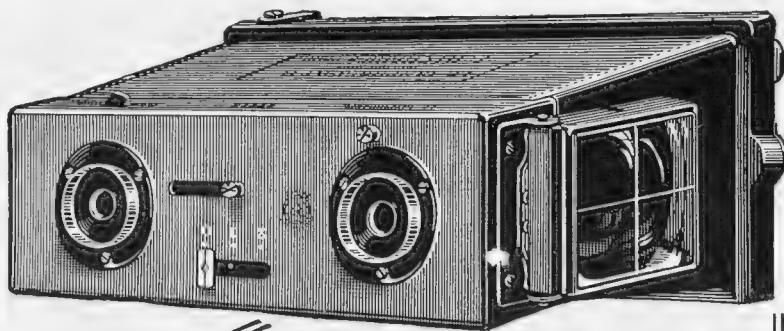
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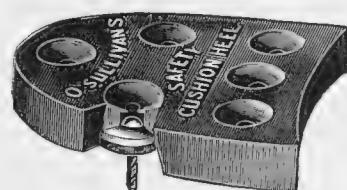
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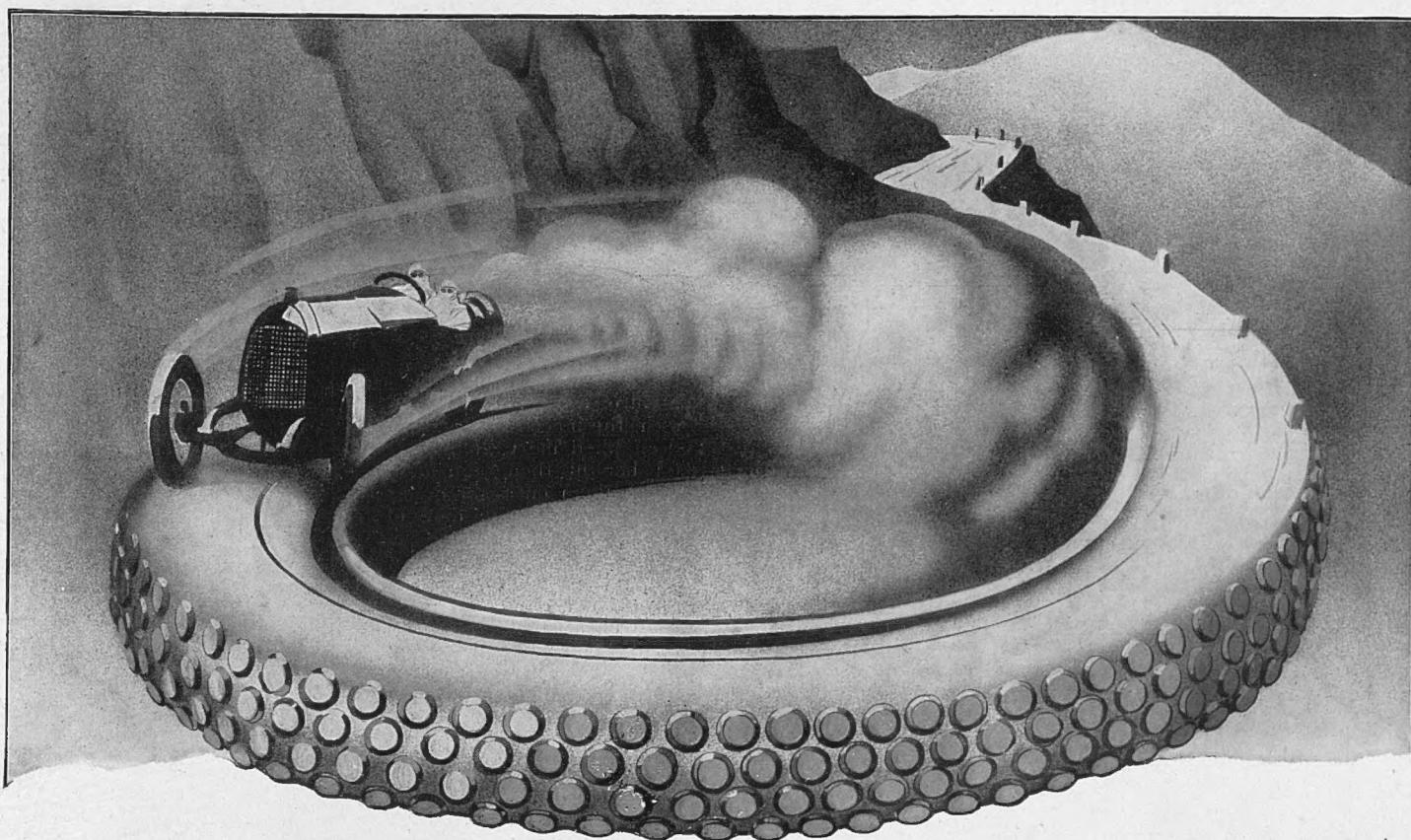
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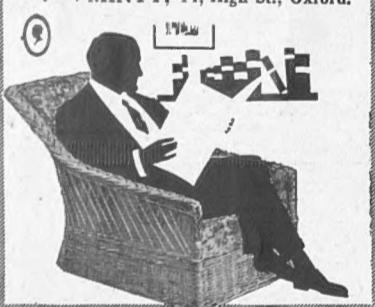
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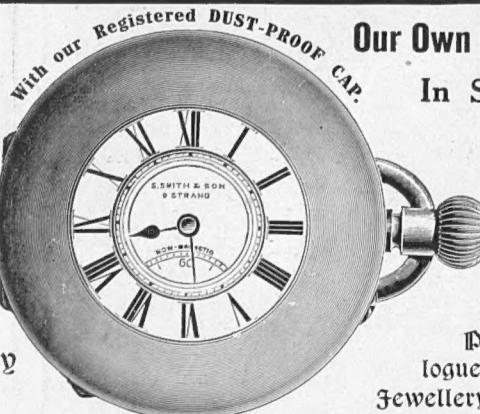
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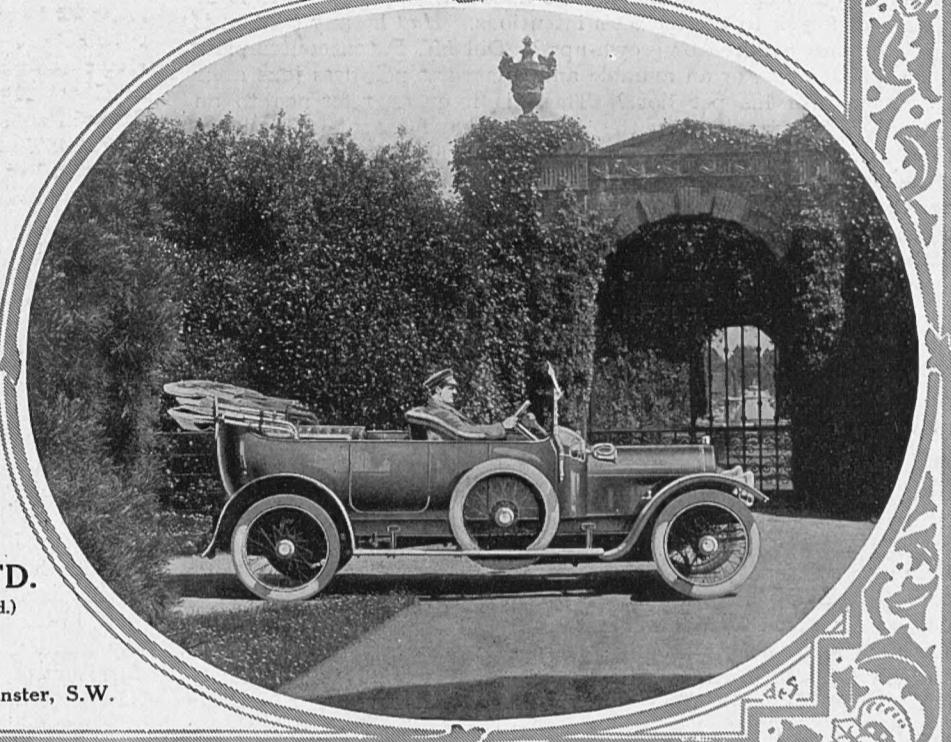
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Tale of Lal."

By RAYMOND PATON.
(Chapman and Hall.)

that his chambers overlook Trafalgar Square, "a square patch of fairyland placed within the hub and centre of the Universe." "Lal" is fooling, yet not very excellent fooling. Neither fairyland nor Alice's Wonderland does the Square become with Lal as Master of the Ceremonies. Notwithstanding a strain of Dickens and Lewis Carroll, no atmosphere of magic rises about the Square, unless it be a state of fog as to the author's intentions. *Had he any?* And is this story for children or grown-ups? Did Mr. Paton contemplate some social satire, or an amiable and somewhat pointless joke after the manner of his pet lion? There is frequent reference to an Order of Imagination in the gift of the Pleasant-faced Lion. Invested with it, a miserly City Alderman shed two tears of pity, "the first he ever shed in his life," "and tears of pity, little Skylark, are the keys that open the Golden Gates of Heaven"; little girls wearing it see their brothers as a beautiful Prince, and it will enable little boys to recognise in their sisters a lovely fairy queen. Thrown about the neck of a reviewer, there is no saying what might be said of "Lal"; but, lacking it, the fount of appreciation of the beautiful runs dry.

"From Opposite Shores."

By VIRGINIA GUICCIARDI-FAIESTRI.
(Max Goschen.)

This charming novel, translated from the Italian, runs warm with the peasant blood of Northern Italy. For years that blood has suffered from the internal antagonism of ideas, clerical against social; and without taking sides—or, at least, with infinite sympathy for each side—the author follows this double current across the lives of the Emilian peasantry. These carpenters and blacksmiths with ideals of earthly Utopias, these laundresses on humble knees before their village shrines, making each other's tragedies, loving, mistrusting, and baffled on either hand, are here not so far apart as they might seem to a less delicate observer. Dorinda, *mater dolorosa*, one of those women born to give and give and give, is the centre of the picture; she is boldly and tenderly drawn, and in spite of the sympathy with which the author succeeds in treating the *dévôte*, her daughter, for Dorinda's sake one cordially dislikes Fiorita and her rapt loyalty to her convent. The odour

that hung about Fiorita's parcel when she returned home for a probation—the odour peculiar to the Sisters, one of humidity and incense—seems a hateful odour; the modesty which forbade her washing herself, for fear that devoted mother of her infancy should see an arm, becomes detestable. Mr. Goschen is to be thanked for making English readers aware of this writer with more than a little of the touch of a Tourgeneff. Her beautiful country is felt so finely behind the struggle—a struggle between old litanies and ideals said to be new, yet as old as the Sermon on the Mount of Olives.

Those interested in art in its brightest forms will be pleased with the first number of *Colour*, which has just appeared, and will look forward with pleasant anticipation for subsequent issues. *Colour* is a monthly art magazine published at one shilling by Messrs. Dawson, of Chancery Lane, and printed by the Abbey Press. The frontispiece is a reproduction in colour of "The Topers," by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.; and other full-page reproductions in colour include "Jo Jumping," by Countess Helena Gleichen, from the painting which was recently exhibited at the Goupil Gallery; "Laughter," by William Strang, A.R.A.; a coloured sketch for a panel in Carpenters' Hall by Frank Brangwyn; "Alte Brücke," by Alexander Kanoldt; "Pont des Arts, Paris," by K. M. Morrison; and a portrait of Monsignor Martin Howlett, finely reproduced from a copperfield engraving by E. O. Hoppé. The new magazine is beautifully printed, and achieves a high standard of literary as well as pictorial merit. It is altogether a very bright and interesting production.

Motorists who wish for real comfort in touring could scarcely hit on a car that will more amply satisfy their requirements than one of those turned out by the famous firm of Napier. The present writer enjoyed the opportunity the other day of taking a run from London to Brighton and back in a six-cylinder Napier of 30 to 35 h.p. Nothing could exceed the smoothness of its running or the ease with which it negotiated hills, while the way in which the mechanism responded to the least touch of the driver's hand, or foot, in the matter of speed and steering, was such as to impress the lay mind with wonder and admiration. The interior fittings and furniture of the car were the last word in comfort and convenience. The general impression left by its behaviour was that the Napier is a car which, as the general said of his army, could go anywhere and do anything.

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